

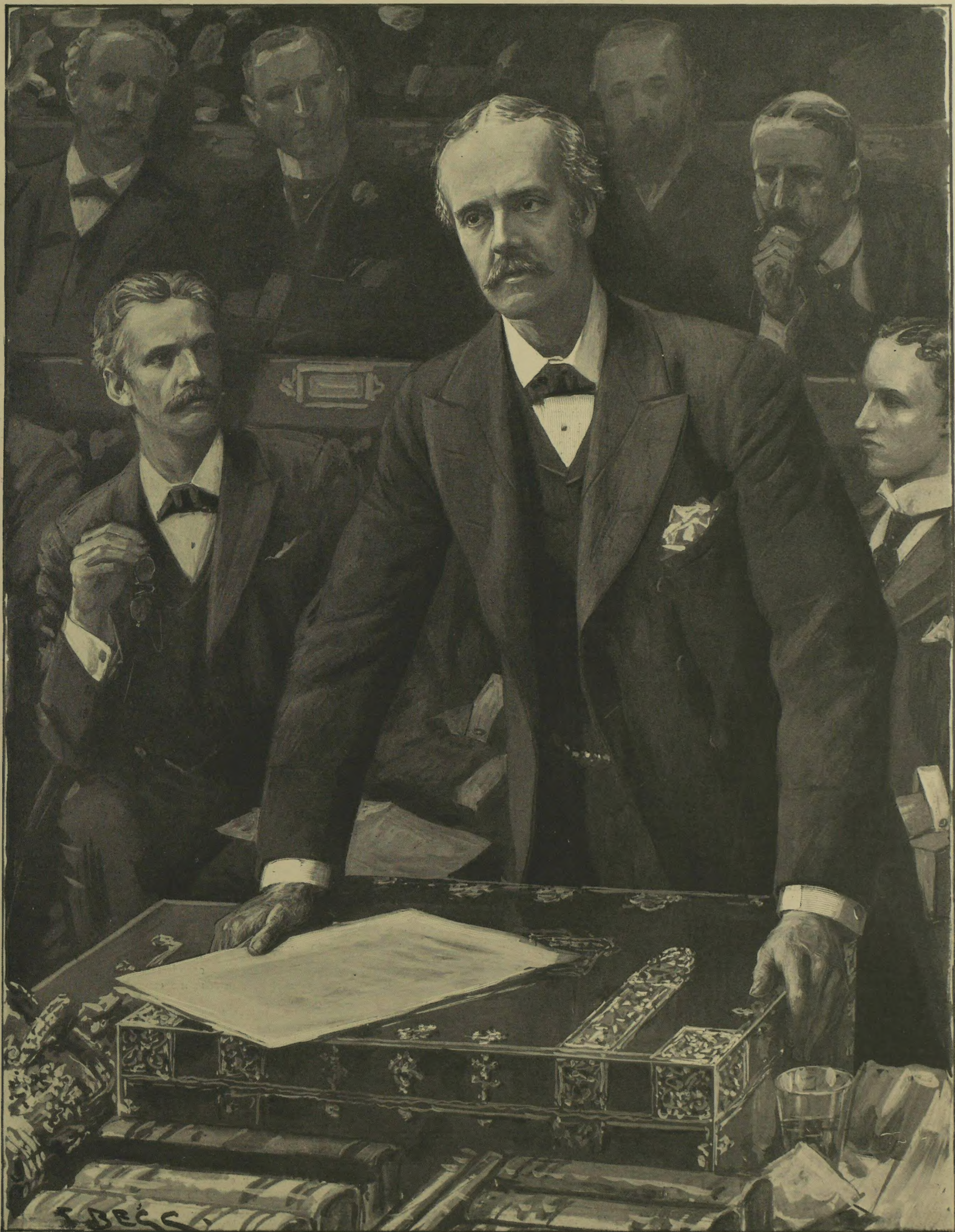
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3078.—VOL. CXII.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1898.

WITH SUPPLEMENT } SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



THE CHINESE QUESTION: MR. A. J. BALFOUR'S STATEMENT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"I shall be content if this Government, this House, and the Parliaments which are to succeed the present one are content to further that commercial policy which we, at all events, have done our best to favour. If they do that in no spirit of selfish monopoly, with no desire to exclude others from China, but with a settled wish that what we ask for ourselves we are ready to give to others; if, I say, that policy is the one which they will pursue, I am convinced that we shall build up in Europe—and, not least, in America—a body of public and international opinion which will do more than any hasty action which we could take at the present moment."

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

It has been decided by a French court that an editor must grant the right of reply to an author who is aggrieved by criticism. M. Jules Lemaître, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, cut up a certain dramatist, who then wrote a letter which the editor of that periodical refused to print. He appears to have regarded it as editors usually regard unsolicited and uninteresting contributions. His subscribers would always pay to read M. Lemaître, but why should they pay to read any casual intruder who, for merely personal reasons, desired to controvert that eminent critic? Besides, on first principles, why should an author be encouraged to write in defence of his book or play? Dignity should teach him to leave it like a monument, silently inviting commendation and silently defying the weather. If anybody should think fit to attack it, why not commit him to the disdainful toleration of posterity, along with the people who scribble their autographs on things of beauty? I don't know whether any of these suggestions were made at the trial, but the court held that the mute heroism of soldiers—theirs not to make reply, theirs not to reason why—must not be exacted from indignant authors. The editor was ordered to publish the rejected letter, and to pay damages for every number of his review that had appeared since he took up his haughty attitude. But now observe the nobility of the victorious suitor. He waived his right to the damages, and declared himself content with the issue on the point of principle. This was politic as well as generous, for the act will be honourably enrolled in countless newspapers, and must therefore stir the finer emotions from Paris to Polynesia; whereas the whole reading universe does not subscribe to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

In this country an author has no difficulty in making known the errors or misdemeanours of a critic. His letter is printed at once, not because the editor has the unworthy notion that callous readers like to see the author squirm, but because every free-born citizen is expected to exercise, at least once in a lifetime, the right to propound his views in the columns of correspondence. I am astonished, by the way, that no enterprising publisher has hit upon the idea of compiling an annual digest of letters in the newspapers. It would make varied and agreeable reading, and furnish the historian with useful "documents" of the contemporary mind. It would show, moreover, that the author does not abuse his opportunities of retort. Some years ago a well-known writer made the startling proposal that parents should apprentice their children to literature. He argued that the business of authorship demanded none of those faculties which ripen in a family once in a generation. Our boys and girls might not prove Scotts or Jane Austens, but there was no reason why they should not learn to write novels instead of vegetating as clerks or drudging as governesses. The scheme, which was set forth with much earnestness, roused no great enthusiasm among fathers, though it did not lack practical hints to Jack and Mary how to make a decent income by spinning yarns for an indulgent public. Perhaps doubt was excited in maternal bosoms by the absence of any directions as to safeguards against the prowling reviewers who seek to devour young men and maidens. Certainly Jack and Mary were not told how to answer a critic; but this was for the sufficient reason, which could not be divined in every home, that the author is both reticent and magnanimous, though he belongs by repute to an irritable race.

Another of his merits is that he is always surprising. A remarkable piece of autobiography has been unfolded by an author who, after two years' experience of literature, takes leave of it in a proclamation. He began life in the Chinese Customs, joined a revolutionary society, and plotted against the Brother of the Sun; was handed over to the British authorities by outraged mandarins, and spent some time in prison. Returning home, he borrowed fifty pounds, took a cottage at Hampstead, and started authorship. This was not the chief occupation of his mind, for he was still brooding over schemes for overturning the Nephew of the Moon (I am never sure about the Chinese Emperor's precise kinship with the firmament), and his object in literature was to raise funds for this enterprise. Moreover, he had to study military equipment: so he joined the Volunteers, and out of this experience wrote a book on the art of war, which the publishers, being poor-spirited civilians, failed to appreciate. Amidst these distractions he contrived to write, in the first three months of his literary career, two books and twenty-six magazine articles. This was pretty well for a man with one eye on the partition of China and the other on editors and publishers. He wrote novels with ease and affluence, reminiscences of prison life, articles about China, short stories, interminable stories; pouring out this stream of invention and recollection till he could not tell how many manuscripts he had, or what had become of them. Letters from editors have been destroyed; he has changed his address so often that thumping cheques may have been lost in the post; and as he never reads the magazines, many of his tales may be published without his knowledge. Meanwhile, the Uncle of the Planets is still seated on his celestial throne, and the revolutionary society in China is growing impatient.

What does this energetic author complain of? Not of neglect, for one of his novels is in a second edition, and his articles will make their appearance, no doubt, when the conditions of space and the resources of machinery can cope with them. No, he does not blame his editors and publishers; he blames the hard fate which prevented him from concentrating his mind on literature! China worried him. Russia, having heard of his political designs, made that disturbing move upon Port Arthur. Worst of all, his family, anxious to see him earning a regular livelihood, forced him to take a clerkship. Ah! those precious hours which had to be wasted on wretched invoices! If they had been spared to him, if he could have detached his thoughts from the populous banks of the Yangtse-Kiang, which are pining for his advent, if he had not been hampered by those studies of the art of war, he might have written in three months the whole of the magazines for at least a year, and all the novels that Mr. Mudie wants upon his shelves for several seasons! This is why he has bidden literature farewell. Other authors may feel relieved by the withdrawal of such an alarming competitor; but if he could only have had a chance of concentrating his mind, we might have seen the most interesting experiment of the age in the production of all our books by one hand, and the disappearance of the literary class under the shelter of the rates.

Like most romantic persons who read adventure stories of the Southern Seas, I have always believed in the brown woman of Polynesia as a dream of beauty. Tennyson's hero was certainly of that opinion when, struck to the heart by the faithlessness of cousin Amy, he raved of the savage woman who was to rear his dusky race. But here is Mr. Edward Reeves with a sad disillusion. In "Brown Men and Women" you will find that the dusky lady to whose image, in our jilted youth, we were wont to turn for comfort is a distasteful confection of coconut oil. Mr. Reeves scoffs at our fond tradition with sardonic relish. Is this to be endured? I notice that it has already excited just resentment in a reviewer who, though anonymous, must be none other than Mr. Louis Becke. He says Mr. Reeves has judged hastily from such specimens of the brown woman as he has observed in the mongrel communities of trading centres. Had he spent years instead of months in the Polynesian Isles, he would know that the real brown woman still lives up to Tennyson's vision. There is some consolation in this, though I foresee that the brown beauty of Polynesia is going to be the subject of distracting controversy, like the "dark lady" of Shakspeare's Sonnets. This illustration is all the more disquieting because Shakspeare's description of that mysterious dame raises the gravest doubts as to his standard of feminine loveliness.

One peculiarity of the brown woman, which ought to be specially interesting to her white sisters, is her manner of lamenting for the dead. Formerly the orthodox sign of mourning was the amputation of a finger. This painful and unsightly practice has been abolished; and now the bereaved maiden cuts off her hair, a sacrifice which may strike some fair readers as scarcely less distressing. Perhaps the hair of Polynesia renews itself more prodigally than the hair of the British Islands; yet if that were so, the loss would not be severely felt by the brown woman, who seems to be bidden by her tribal customs to show her grief by giving up something she prizes. Fingers once removed do not grow again. Does the hair recover its original glory? If not, how does the woman who loses all her relatives in turn, retain enough hair to mourn in the orthodox fashion? Will Mr. Becke have the goodness to throw some light on this problem? If he will sustain the Tennysonian illusion still further by assuring us that the real brown woman never loses her hair, we will, like the gentleman in Mr. Gilbert's play, bless him with our latest breath. It is high time that a resolute stand were made against the sceptics and so-called realists who go about shattering our most cherished idols.

But if the Polynesian tresses are shorn in this melancholy way, what becomes of them? Are they brought to Europe and sold in the marts of fashion? One of the most notable *coiffeurs* of London has been expounding the mysteries of his art in an exhibition. Here you may study the hairdressing of beauty in all epochs—from Clotilde to Charlotte Corday. There is a *coiffeur* in Paris who can tell at a glance to what century a client belongs by nature. No doubt she has ideas of her own, but they are firmly corrected. "Marie Antoinette? Pardon, Madame; your style is Louis Treize," and from that graceful period her hair accordingly emerges. But I am digressing. What part do the brown woman's tresses play in the *coiffeur's* skill? No Polynesian style is acknowledged; but there are said to be certain detachable tendrils for disguising what Ibsen calls the "great waste places." There is also the "bicycle fringe," warranted not to uncurl in the most persistent wind or moisture. Is it possible that the hair with which a fair cyclist challenges the elements was clipped from a Samoan head in token of mourning? If so, is this the corroding irony of life, or an omen of the universal sisterhood of woman?

Criticism, some of it unkind, has been free with the Easter manoeuvres of the Volunteers. There is always

a military critic to gibe at our citizen army, to suggest that it needs drill, and that officers and men do not sacrifice enough of their personal comfort to the real business of soldiering. This may be the exaggeration of the martinet who is always licensed to grumble. But there ought to be some supervision of telegrams from the holiday field of battle. One of these ran thus: "In spite of heavy showers the defenders maintained a stubborn resistance to the invader." Here there seems an implied wonder that the Volunteers withstood, not the enemy, but the rain. The military sceptic may have smiled grimly at the "showers," but he ought to explain to a light-hearted public what rain means in war. A vivid impression of it is given in "The Disaster," a story of the fighting round Metz in the Franco-German campaign of 1870, by Paul and Victor Margueritte. Bazaine's troops bivouacked in mud swamps. Councils of war debated whether the army ought to fight in such weather. It was indignantly urged by the officers who chafed at the endless procrastination that if it was raining for the French it was also raining for the Prussians. The same argument, no doubt, stimulated the Volunteers in the late encounter. They remembered that the heavy showers were drenching the enemy, and they stood firm for home and beauty.

MR. JAMES PAYN'S LAST CONTRIBUTION.*

There has been lately, I am told (for I take no interest in literary fray's now), a new and revised edition of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers": the persons are in fact reversed, for it has been an English reviewer who has been attacking a Scotch bard, and no less a one than Robbie Burns. Of course this audacious person lives well on this side of the Tweed, and is probably under police protection; for the Scotch, though most excellent folk, are not of those, in their relations with the Southron at least, of whom we can say that they agree to differ. They will not put up with the least point of disagreement as respects their native land. Years ago I had the misfortune to spell the name of one of their law-lords wrong, and not understanding the immense importance of the matter, let the error survive into a second edition. If I had miscalled Edinburgh, Manchester, I could not have aroused a more widespread indignation. It was years before I could apologise sufficiently, and only through the kind offices of my friend Mr. Andrew Lang was the great heart of Scotland laid at peace. Think, then, of the outrage, and its consequences, of attacking Burns! Mr. Henley speaks with something like contempt of that highest joy known to the nation as "A Nicht wi' Burns," calls him the poet of the uncritical, and other injurious terms, and doubts whether any night could be passed under more unpleasant circumstances.

He is mistaken. A night with Bronchitis, of which many of us have lately had experience, is much worse. The two are not, of course, similar, yet have something in common in the way of melody. To a nervous person this continuity of sound is the worst point of bronchitis. You hear something whistling and moaning, and cannot at first detect its whereabouts: *it's you*. You may lie on a high pillow or a low one; but after, at most, a minute of silence you break out again with music. What is strange, and seems to strike at the root of the scheme of creation, is that though you may be quite deaf to all external sounds, you cannot escape from these, of which, like the codfish, you are its parent. If you allow yourself a little irritation to the extent of "Dear me!" you are instantly threatened with suffocation. Some unseen individual clutches you by the throat and dares you to repeat that observation. The doctor calls him Spasm. I have had a fine old time with many disorders. For extreme agony, there are few things to beat rheumatic fever. As regards intolerable discomfort, there is nothing to vie with eczema, especially if you have lost your temper with it (once is enough); but for helpless, hopeless misery, with a struggle for life every five minutes—a night with Bronchitis!

A curious corroboration of an assertion made in a recent Note that the cruelties of theologians have little or nothing to do with their creeds has been given by the *Voce della Verità*, the organ of the Jesuits at Rome. Everyone who has travelled in Italy bears witness "to the horrible ill-treatment of animals, so bad, indeed, that it has rendered residence there painful to tender-hearted people," and has caused attempts to induce the Government to check it—made, however, mainly by foreigners. This Jesuit journal denounces such sentimental principles, and since there is no particular dogma in favour of the poor animals, they do not see why their ill-treatment should be forbidden. The same logic would encourage garotters or the Stock Exchange. As a writer in the *Spectator*, commenting on this matter, points out, however, this inclination to cruelty is a question in Italy of race rather than creed. In the English race it has never been cured, and when cruelties have been committed, whether by theologians or others, they were the result of character.

* This little article, which reaches us through Mr. Pryn's executors, will have a pathetic interest to his admirers.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

The expected battle, probably decisive, between Sir Herbert Kitchener's army of British and Egyptian troops and that of the Mahdist Khalifa, composed of the Dervish fanatics and some part of the native tribes around the confluence of the two branches of the Nile, took place on Good Friday, resulting in the speedy utter defeat of the enemy, whose position was captured by a rapid assault, 3000 of them killed, more wounded, and 4000 taken prisoners, while the remainder were dispersed and pursued in a desperate flight. Mahmoud, their commander-in-chief, is among the captives; Osman Digna, who was second in command, got away up the river Atbara, on the banks of which, near El Hilgi, about thirty miles from the junction of that river with the Nile above Berber, this action was fought. Nine British officers and non-commissioned officers and about twenty British soldiers were killed, and eighty-eight wounded; the Egyptian and Soudanese native regiments of the Khedive's army had fifty-one soldiers killed and 319 wounded.

Sir Herbert Kitchener's army had marched from Umbadia in the evening before, had bivouacked till very early in the morning, and then slowly advanced, coming before dawn to the enemy's position, which had been reconnoitred by General Hunter some days previously. Soon after six o'clock, Colonel Long, with twenty-four artillery guns and twelve Maxims, opened fire on the

Captain Findlay, of the Camerons, who also lost his life, was almost the tallest man in the British Army, standing 6ft. 6in. in his stockings. It was only in September last that he married, and his young wife has had to have the news of his death broken to her as gently as possible.

Second-Lieutenant P. A. Gore, of the Seaforth Highlanders, who also lost his life in this action, was a young officer whose promising career has been cut short at its very outset, for he joined his regiment only a year ago.

Colonel J. E. Verner, of the Lincolnshire, one of the officers wounded in the action, took part in Sir Donald Stewart's marches on Kandahar by Quetta and from Kandahar to Kabul. Captain N. C. MacLachlan, who is reported as wounded, but not dangerously, is another of the Seaforth Highlanders who took so prominent a part in the splendid charge. Colonel R. H. Murray, also of the Seaforth Highlanders, had his horse shot under him, and was wounded in the arm; and Captain A. C. Baillie and Lieutenant N. A. Thomson, of the Seaforth Highlanders, were among the British officers wounded in the fight which their gallant conduct helped to turn into a notable victory for the Sirdar's force.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

The Chinese diplomatic contest has somewhat subsided, save for the denunciations by the Russian Press of Great Britain's lease of Wei-Hai-Wei; but the concessions to France are not yet precisely known. The port of

Falmouth's command. Sir Charles Warren directed the movements of Engineers and other troops representing the attack on Chatham, with defence by the garrison; and the Artillery practice at Sheerness was superintended by Colonel Chambers, Colonel Coles, and other officers.

It is to detail-work more than to mere panoramic effect that our citizen soldiers now direct their holiday outings, and this is a new departure which can only tend to raise them in the esteem and confidence of people and Parliament. At the grand autumn manoeuvres on Salisbury Plain they will be accorded a place at the side of the senior branches of the service—Regulars and Militia—which will be a worthy recognition of the progress which the force has made since its first embodiment, nearly forty years ago.

A MOTOR-CAR TOUR.

The cyclist has not been the chief traveller through the home counties this Easter, for the Automobile Club conceived the happy idea of spending its holidays on a motor-car tour to a number of towns far enough yet not too far from the temporarily deserted Metropolis. The first rendezvous chosen was Guildford, where the arrival of the not yet familiar vehicles aroused considerable interest. By noon on Good Friday some score of cars had mustered in the picturesque little Surrey town, among the travellers being Lord Bangor, Sir Somers Vine, Mr. Linley Sambourne, and other well-known men on holiday bent. Large crowds of sightseers witnessed the departure of the cars in



Photo Cumming, Aldershot.
CAPTAIN A. C. D. BAILLIE.



Photo Cumming, Aldershot.
THE LATE SECOND-LIEUTENANT P. A. GORE.



Photo Cumming, Aldershot.
LIEUTENANT N. A. THOMSON.



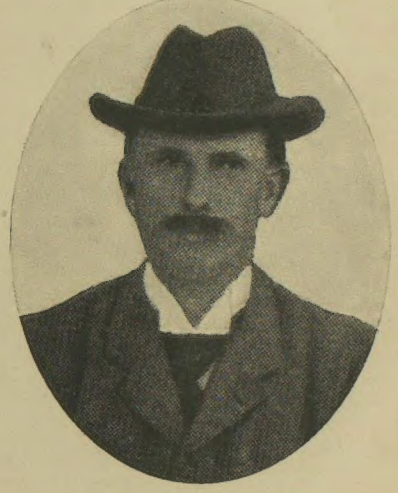
Photo Elliott and Fry.
COLONEL J. E. VERNER.



Photo Wyrall, Aldershot.
COLONEL R. H. MURRAY.



Photo Milne, Turiff.
THE LATE MAJOR URQUHART.



THE LATE CAPTAIN FINDLAY.

BRITISH OFFICERS KILLED AND WOUNDED IN THE BATTLE OF ATBARA.

position, which was in a thick wood, and was fortified with several concentric ranges of rifle-pits, with zarebas or hedge enclosures, and a stockade in the centre surrounded by an entrenchment. After about one hour, the attack was made by General Gatacre's British Brigade, the Cameron Highlanders in front, the Seaforth Highlanders, with the Lincolnshire and Warwickshire Regiments in the second line, with General Macdonald's and General Maxwell's Brigades of the Soudanese regiments, supported by General Lewis's Brigade. There was no pause in the advance; all the defences were quickly taken by assault. It is said that eleven of the leading Emirs are slain. Ten guns were captured in the enemy's camp.

After sending the wounded men to the nearest hospital stations, and resting the troops till evening, the Sirdar marched his army back to Umbadia, and they have since returned to occupy their former posts on the Nile and the Atbara, covering Berber. This victory seems likely to ensure the overthrow of the Khalifa and the recovery of Khartoum when the condition of the river permits a further advance. The German Emperor has sent a message of congratulation to the British Ambassador at Berlin.

Captain Beauchamp Colclough Urquhart, who was killed in the action, was born in 1860 and entered the Cameron Highlanders in 1880. Two years later he took part in the Egyptian Campaign. He had also been aide-de-camp to Lord Aberdeen in Canada, his father's estates, Meldrum, Aberdeenshire, being contiguous to Lord Aberdeen's property. Captain Urquhart came of a very old Scottish family, the most distinguished member of whom was the celebrated Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, who traced his origin back to Adam in direct line, and who translated Rabelais into English. Sir Thomas died of a fit of laughter on hearing of the restoration of Charles II.

Wu-Sung, near Shanghai, is to be opened as a treaty port free to all nations. There are sixteen British war-ships at Chefoo, and ten Japanese at Wei-Hai-Wei, the station now to be formally occupied by Great Britain. Japan is in treaty with China for the concession of a port to balance the recent acquisitions of Russia, Germany, and Great Britain. A disturbance between Russians and Chinese is reported from the neighbourhood of Talien-Wan.

INDIAN MILITARY SURGEONS.

The officers and military assistant surgeons representing the junior Indian Medical Service proved themselves, during the recent Frontier Campaign, to be valuable auxiliaries of the superior Army Medical and Indian Medical Services. At Rawal Pindi, where they formed an efficient hospital base for the Tirah Force, the Staff gained wide popularity, and received the congratulations of the principal medical officer of the district on the able manner in which its onerous duties had been discharged.

THE VOLUNTEER MANOEUVRES.

The Volunteers of London and the neighbouring counties assembled for the Easter holiday manoeuvres at Aldershot and Pirbright, at Canterbury, at Colchester, and some Artillery and Engineers at Sheerness and Chatham, arriving on Good Friday. Field manoeuvres were performed on Saturday and on Easter Monday by the infantry battalions under command of Colonel Campbell and Sir Howard Vincent, on the Fox Hills and around Bisley; also by the Surrey Brigade, under command of Lord Belhaven and Stenton, near Canterbury; and in the Abbey Fields at Colchester by the North London Brigade, under Lord

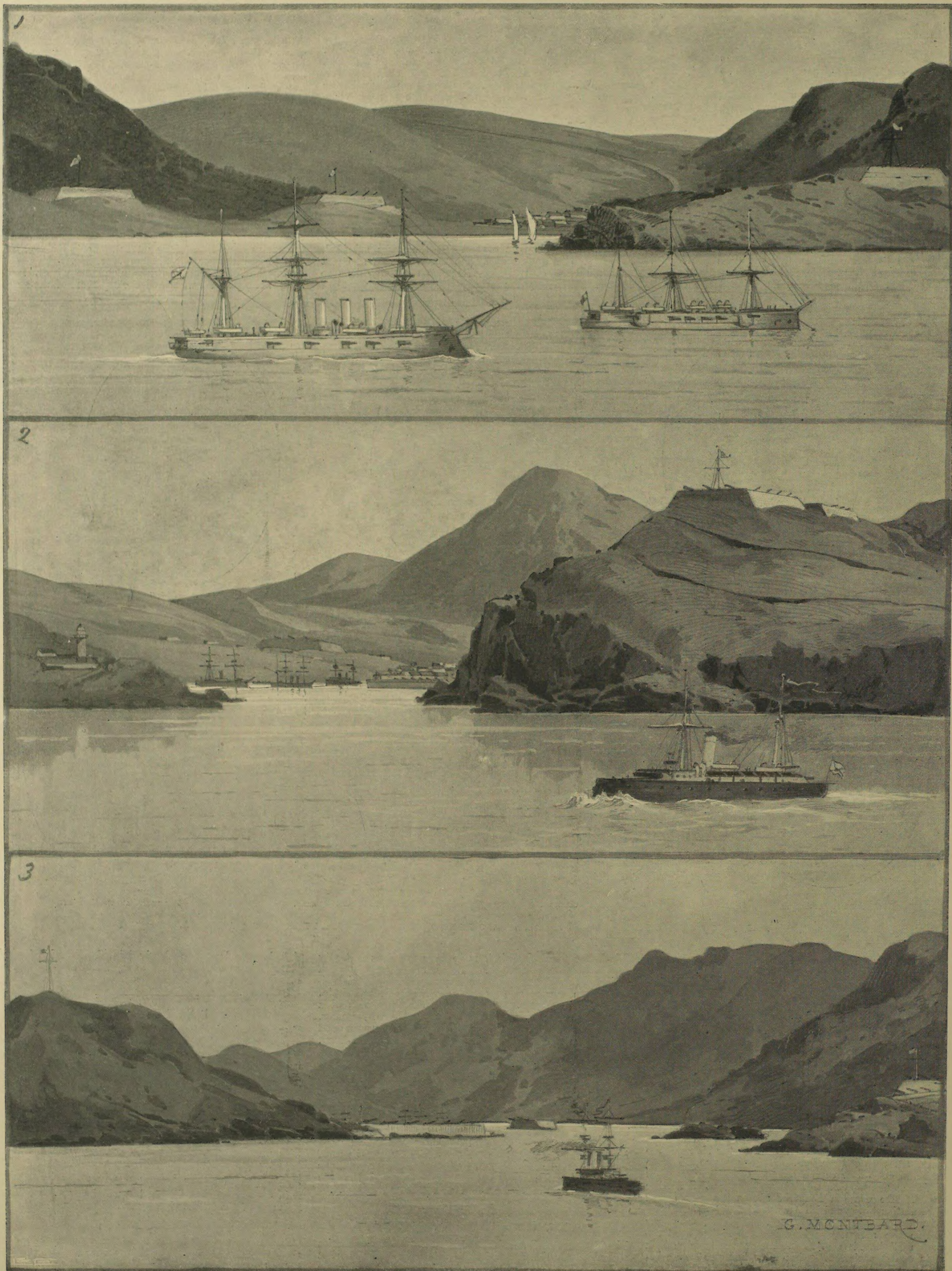
their long and not too closely jointed procession towards Winchester, whence the journey was resumed to Chichester, en route for further destinations, on the following day.

PARLIAMENT.

Few events in the House of Commons of recent years have excited so much interest as Mr. Balfour's statement of the Government policy in the Far East. This had been impatiently awaited for some time, owing to the general discomposure caused by the "lease" of Port Arthur and Talien-Wan to Russia. Mr. Balfour, with that lucidity which is one of his best Parliamentary gifts, reviewed the course of disintegration in the Chinese Empire. He admitted that the Russian action at Port Arthur had been opposed by the Government, and that Russia had rejected the British proposal of strict neutrality by both Powers in the Gulf of Pechili. To counteract the "lease" of Port Arthur, Great Britain had obtained the "lease" of Wei-Hai-Wei, which at present is in the possession of Japan, but will be evacuated on the payment of the Chinese indemnity. Further, the Government had secured guarantees from China for the retention of an English administrator at the head of the Imperial Customs, for the opening of more treaty ports, and for the non-alienation of the Valley of the Yangtse-Kiang to any other Power. Mr. Balfour confessed that the purely commercial policy of this country in the Far East—the policy of the "open door"—had been modified by events, but he argued that we had taken a reasonable and sufficient security for our predominant interests. Sir William Harcourt offered no opposition to the policy sketched by Mr. Balfour, and subsequent criticism was concerned chiefly with the practical question of fortifying and garrisoning Wei-Hai-Wei.

THE CHINESE QUESTION: VIEWS OF THE STATIONS ACQUIRED BY GREAT BRITAIN AND RUSSIA.

From Sketches by Mr. J. S. Edwards.



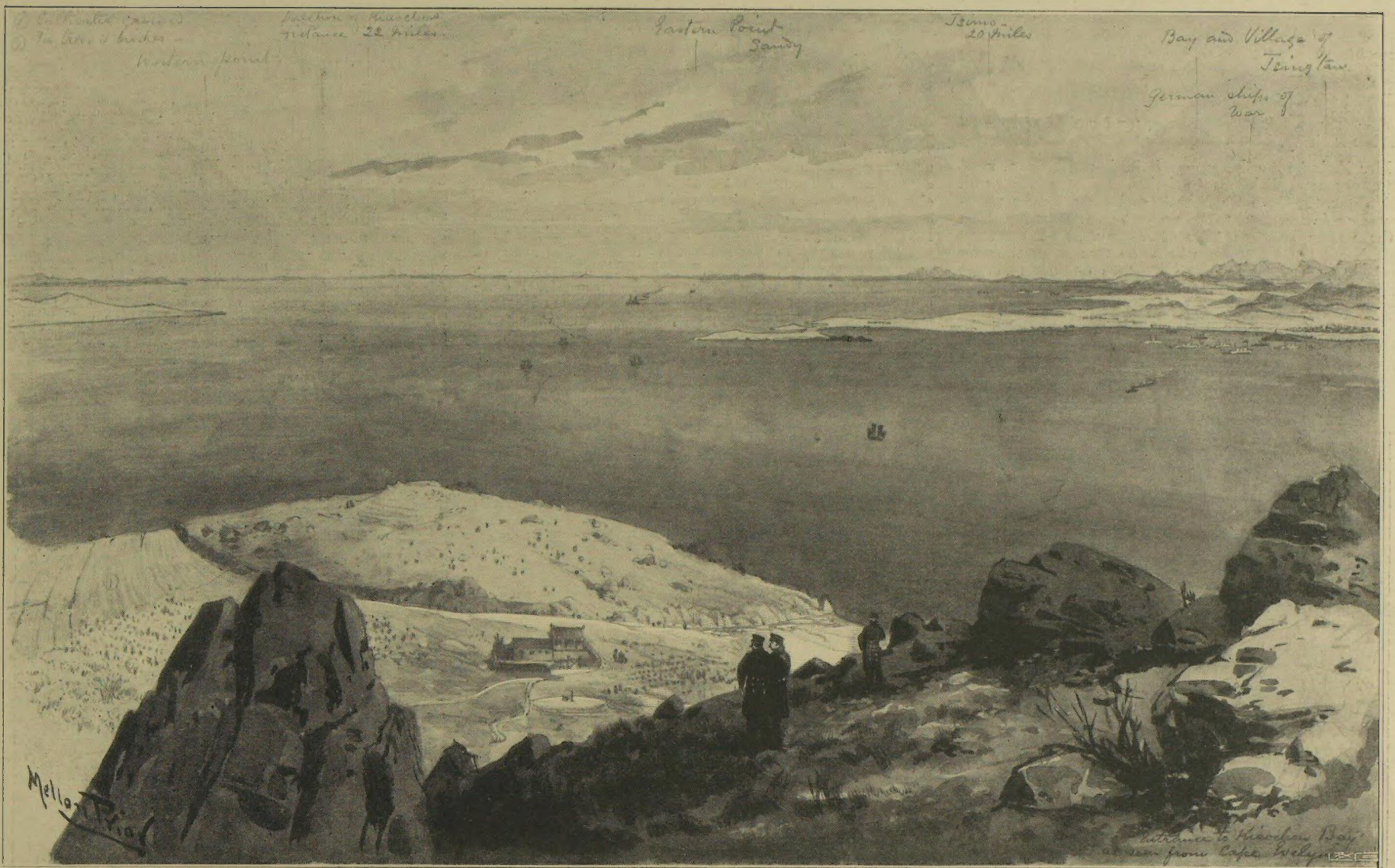
1. Talien-Wan, leased to Russia.

2. Port Arthur, leased, with Talien-Wan, to Russia.

3. Eastern Entrance to Wei-Hai-Wei, leased, with the Islands at the Mouth of its Harbour, to Great Britain, H.M.S. "Centurion" entering: Dockyard and Town behind the Breakwater Fort.

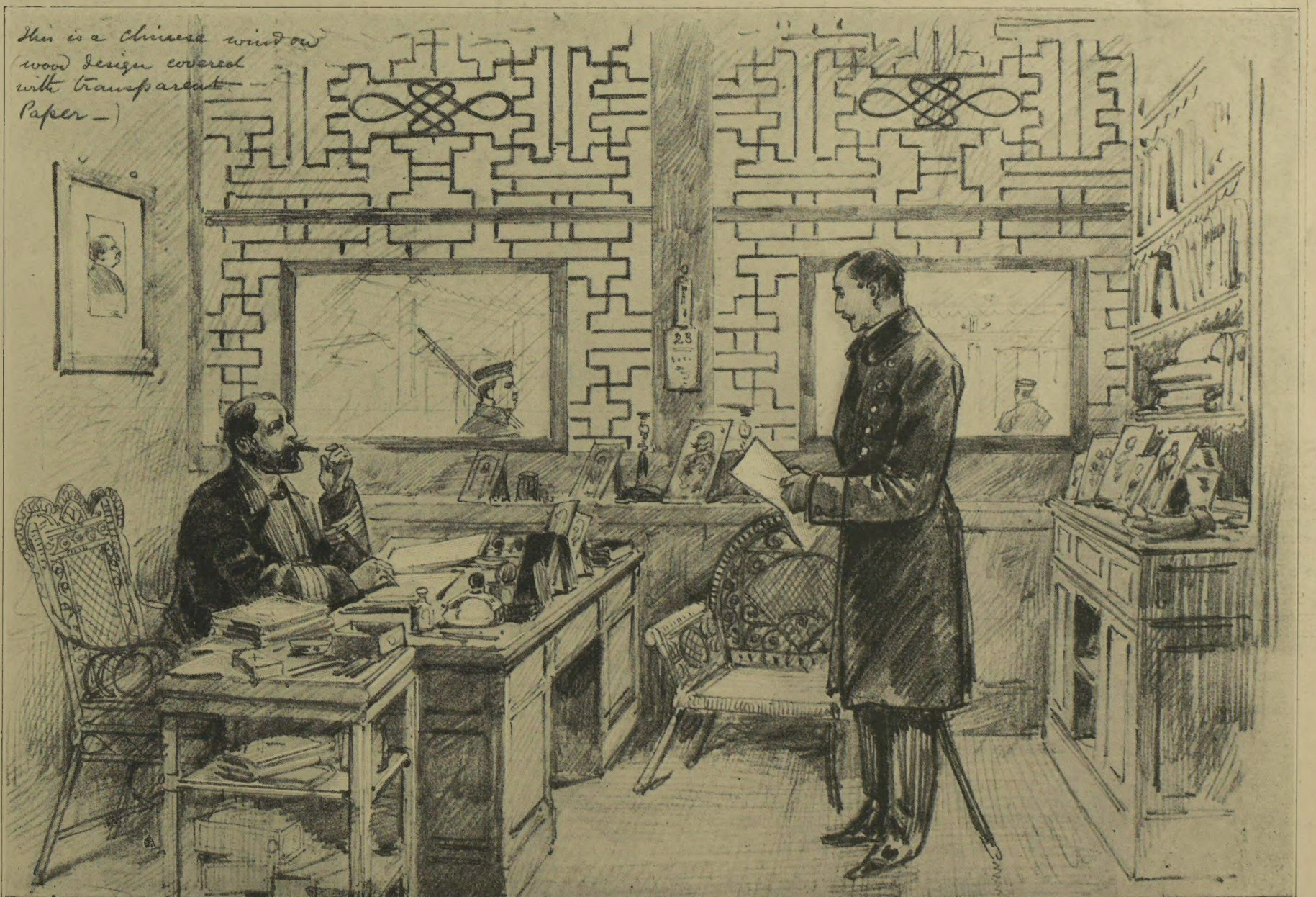
THE CHINESE QUESTION: THE GERMAN OCCUPATION OF KIAO-CHAU.

Facsimile Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



ENTRANCE TO KIAO-CHAU BAY AS SEEN FROM CAPE EVELYN.

"The view of Kiao-Chau Bay I made from Point Evelyn to show the entrance to the Bay proper. Everyone who writes about Kiao-Chau speaks of it as a harbour, whereas it is forty miles from Tsingtau, where the ships are only able in this weather to find anchorage, and as a matter of fact no ship of any important tonnage can go closer than twelve to fifteen miles. Tsingtau is the port of Kiao-Chau, and will be so for years."—MELTON PRIOR.



CAPTAIN TRÜPPEL, THE NEW GOVERNOR OF KIAO-CHAU, IN HIS OFFICE IN THE CHINESE YAMEN, OR GOVERNMENT HOUSE, AT TSINGTAN.

"The Yamen of Tsingtau was the official residence of the Chinese General, who, although he was assured of every consideration by the Germans when they landed if he would remain, preferred to withdraw with his army. The building is now occupied by Captain Trüppel, the present German Governor, and his staff; and the peculiar window interested me so much that I could not resist sketching the room as it is. The window and design are of wood, with a covering of paper. Captain Trüppel's position at present is not an enviable one, as he is at work from morning to night replying to telegrams and in making arrangements for the improvement of the town, and the safety of his men now holding the part of the Shantung Peninsula occupied by Germany."—MELTON PRIOR.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

On Sunday the Queen attended the Church service in the private chapel of her residence, conducted by the Bishop of Winchester, and in the afternoon drove to La Tourette. Princesses Christian and Henry of Battenberg went to Villefranche to visit their invalid brother, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, on board H.M.S. *Surprise*. His daughter, the Crown Princess of Roumania, is there with him. The Marquis of Salisbury had an audience of the Queen on Friday. The President of the French Republic, M. Felix Faure, left Paris on Saturday for Nice, and would visit her Majesty.

Her Majesty the Queen, on Saturday afternoon, went to Cannes with Princess Christian, Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Countess Erbach, and the younger members of their families, to be present at the confirmation of the young Princess Alice of Albany, at St. George's English Memorial Church, where the Queen was met by the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of Albany. The religious rite was administered by the Bishop of Winchester; the Bishop of Gibraltar and the Rev. James Aitken, incumbent of St. George's Church, took part in the service. The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, with

harbour, where a boat in which a lady and gentleman had gone out in the dark to see the steamers leave the port for Antwerp and Rotterdam was run down and sunk by the steamer *Cambridge*. They were both drowned, and one boatman. The same steamer had, on the preceding night, unfortunately run down a Dutch rowing-boat on the Scheldt, causing the loss of several lives.

A Thames steam-boat, the *Lily*, was sunk near Vauxhall Bridge, on Saturday, by running upon an anchor left in the river. The passengers got off safely.

The Secretary of State for Scotland, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, has replied to a letter from Mr. Theodore Napier written on behalf of petitioners, that the name "England" or "English" should no longer be officially used in documents relating to Great Britain. Lord Balfour observes that if the Act of Union of 1707 provided for Scotland and England to be thereafter known as Great Britain, so did the Act of Union of 1800 provide for the whole realm to be named "the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." The obligation in these cases is equal, but the literary and grammatical difficulties, especially that of finding a suitable adjective, seem to be insuperable. It would not do to create a fresh grievance for Ireland by making the use of "Britain" and

telegraphed to Cuba its orders that Marshal Blanco, the Governor, should grant a five days' truce for negotiations, but the United States Government was requested to withdraw its naval force, and to give no moral or material support to the insurgents. President McKinley, on Monday, sent his anxiously expected Message to Congress. He does not, from the view of expediency, think it wise or prudent for the United States Government at the present time to recognise the independence of the so-called "Cuban Republic." When it shall hereafter appear that there is, within the island, a Government having the character of separate nationality and capable of performing its duties, the United States may promptly recognise it. But a forcible intervention, as an impartial neutral, to stop and end the barbarously cruel war between Spain and the Cuban insurgents, not as the ally of one party or the other, is fully justified. The destruction of the American ship *Maine*, with the death of 258 American sailors and marines, caused by a submarine mine laid in the harbour of Havana, has filled the heart of the American nation with horror. In the name of disturbed and endangered American interests, as well as of humanity and civilisation, the pacification of Cuba must be enforced. The President therefore asks Congress to authorise and empower him to take measures accordingly, using the



THE CONFIRMATION OF PRINCESS ALICE OF ALBANY AT ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, CANNES: THE QUEEN LEAVING THE CHURCH AFTER THE CEREMONY.

From a photograph supplied by Mr. Edward Hewelson, Cannes.

their two daughters, the Austrian Archduke and Archduchess Rainer, the Count and Countess of Caserta, and Prince Nicholas of Nassau were present. The Mayor of Cannes and the British Vice-Consul met her Majesty at the railway station.

The flag-ship of the Mediterranean Squadron, H.M.S. *Ramillies*, with Admiral Sir John Hopkins, has arrived at Nice from Malta.

The collieries strike in South Wales for a large advance of wages, ten per cent. immediately, but ultimately twenty per cent. being demanded, has stopped work in over a hundred and sixty collieries, where 100,000 men should be employed, besides stopping the export coal trade from the seaports. It is expected to continue three or four weeks.

The new second-class cruiser, H.M.S. *Hermes*, built for the Admiralty by Sir William Pearce and Co. at Fairfield, on the Clyde, was launched on April 7; Lord Kelvin and the Lord Provost of Edinburgh were present; the usual ceremony was performed by Lady Kelvin.

The West African mail steamer *Dahomey*, belonging to the Elder-Dempster line of Liverpool, got on the rocks near Holyhead in a fog on the night of April 6, but the passengers, officers, and crew, with the mails and specie, were saved.

A disaster took place on Saturday evening in Harwich

"British" compulsory. But he will consult the Prime Minister about it.

In foreign affairs the chief matter of interest has been the joint endeavour of all the great European Powers—Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany, Austria, and Italy—by their diplomatic representatives, both at Washington and at Madrid, to conciliate the dispute between Spain and the United States of America, relating to the Cuban rebellion.

On Thursday, April 7, at Washington, the Ambassadors, headed by Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador, visited President McKinley at his official mansion, and presented to him a Note, appealing to the American nation's feelings of humanity and moderation, and expressing an earnest hope that further negotiations might lead to an agreement securing peace, with all necessary guarantees for the re-establishment of order in Cuba.

At Madrid, on Saturday, the representatives of the same Powers, including Mr. Barclay, the *Chargé d'Affaires* for Great Britain, but headed by Count Dubsky, the Austrian Ambassador, had a longer interview with the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, Señor Gullon, urging Spain to follow the advice recently given to her by Pope Leo XIII., and to consent to a suspension of hostilities in Cuba. The Spanish Minister replied that he must refer this suggestion to Señor Sagasta, the Prime Minister, and to the Queen-Regent.

Consequently, the same day, the Spanish Government

military and naval forces of the United States as may be necessary, while continuing the distribution of food supplies to the distressed Cuban population. On the other side, an official notification by the Spanish Government on Monday announces the granting of an armistice to the insurgents, without conditions, and declares that Cuba shall have Liberal institutions, with a Home Rule Parliament, while the *Maine* disaster shall be submitted to inquiry before an international commission.

The Sultan of Turkey, in reply to his formal message of March 27, addressed to the British Ambassador at Constantinople, has been informed by Sir Philip Currie that, in the opinion of the British Government, the appointment of Prince George of Greece to be Governor of Crete would not have the ill consequences apprehended by the Sultan; and that the appointment of a Turk or an Ottoman subject would have untoward results.

The Admirals of the naval squadrons of the different European Powers still remaining on the coast of Crete have held a Council, and have agreed that the island should be divided into four sections, each of which should be placed under the protection of one of the four Naval Powers, Great Britain to take charge of Candia; France, Russia, and Italy of the three other sections.

Sir Alfred Milner, Governor of the Cape Colony and High Commissioner of the Imperial Government in South Africa, has been visiting Basutoland, where the principal native chiefs have received him with hearty demonstrations of loyalty.

PERSONAL.

The death of the Marquis of Exeter, which occurred on April 10, removes from the house of Cecil the head of its senior line. The Exeter branch has never been celebrated, and this lack of power might be attributed to its origin on the female side. William Cecil, the Lord High Treasurer, was twice married. Greatly to the disgust of his family, he took to wife Miss Cheke, the daughter of a Cambridge College beadle. Her brother, the famous Greek scholar, became the tutor of Edward VI. and was knighted. Having given birth to a son, she died, and Cecil was left free to wed a woman of his own caste. This was Mildred Cooke, one of the most learned women of her time, whose sister became the mother of Lord Bacon. Her own son, Robert Cecil, inherited in full measure the Cecil and the Cooke brains, and rose to the highest honours of statesmanship; while his half-brother remained to the last but a stolid squire. But the two each received a peerage, the elder being created Earl of Exeter and the younger Earl of Salisbury. It is rather curious that these honours were conferred on the same day (May 4, 1605), the Salisbury peerage being the younger by only a few hours. The tenth Earl of Exeter, who was raised to a Marquisate, immortalised himself by marrying Sally Hoggins, the daughter of a Salop labourer. Tennyson idealised the story in the "Lord of Burghley," but in plain prose, so far from being a beautiful landscape-painter, the bridegroom was a man of forty who had divorced his first wife, and he ended his career by marrying a divorcee. The house of Exeter was carried on by the son of Sally Hoggins, who was the great-grandmother of the late peer. The new Marquis is only two-and-twenty.

A distinguished soldier, who early in his career was also an explorer of notable intrepidity, has passed away in the person of General Sir Henry James Warre, who died in London on April 3. A son of the late Lieutenant-General Sir William Warre, he was born at the Cape of Good Hope in 1819, and entered the Army in the year of the Queen's accession. A staff appointment in Canada led to his official investigation of the river route from Montreal to Red River Settlement, a duty in the course of which he traversed some two thousand three hundred miles by canoe. In company with Lieutenant Vavasour, he subsequently rode through the Rockies, then but little known even to the adventurous. He served throughout the Crimea, taking part in the siege of Sebastopol as commanding officer of the 57th Regiment. In the Indian Mutiny his name was again to the fore, and in the Maori War of 1861-63 he won further distinction while in command of the troops in the Taranaki district. For his conspicuous services during the New Zealand Campaign he received not only the medal but also the special pension. Just twenty years ago he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army, and in the Afghan War went to the support of Sir Donald Stewart, and, by holding the line of march from the Indus to Kandahar, enabled him to relieve Kabul.

The name of another distinguished officer, Major-General Thomas Clerk, late of the Madras Staff Corps, has been added to the death-roll. Major-General Clerk was born in 1820, a year later than General Sir Henry Warre, but entered the Army in the same year as that fellow-soldier, whose death has fallen so nearly to his own in date. Major-General Clerk saw active service as a Lieutenant with the Karnal Field Force in 1839, and five years later took part in the operations on the Helmund, including the relief of Fort Ghirishk. By gallant conduct in later campaigns he won the various promotions which

ended with the rank of Major-General in 1875, when he retired from active service.

Major-General George Frederick Gildea, C.B., died on April 2 at Tullichewan Castle, Dumbartonshire, the residence of Mr. J. Campbell, his father-in-law. The eldest son of Provost Gildea, and the brother of Colonel James Gildea, C.B., he was born in 1831; entered the Army in 1848; and, later, served in the Crimean War. The Boer War saw him in command of a flying column in various engagements, after which he was promoted to be Colonel and Aide-de-Camp to the Queen. In 1885 he served in the Soudan Campaign, and a year later retired as Major-General. He was Chairman of the Western Club in Glasgow, was a J.P. for Dumbartonshire, and will long be honourably remembered for his exertions on behalf of the welfare of discharged soldiers.

The name of Muklis Ali Khan, Subadar-Major of the 14th Madras Infantry, who recently died at the early age

of the Army Temperance Association he did much to check the evil practice of drinking among Sepoys. His frank disposition and kindly nature endeared him to his officers, and made him popular among the Sepoys.

The sudden death of Mr. Hamar Alfred Bass, the popular member for West Staffordshire, has occasioned a very genuine and widespread regret alike in the political world and in sporting circles. Mr. Bass, who has fallen a victim to a complex form of rheumatism at the comparatively early age of fifty-six, was the second son of the late Mr. Michael Bass, and the brother of Lord Burton. Just twenty years ago he entered Parliamentary life as member for Tamworth, a seat which he held until 1885. From that year down to the time of his death Mr. Bass represented West Staffordshire in the House of Commons in the Liberal-Unionist interest. Throughout his life the instincts of the sportsman were strong within him. It was but recently that he

withdrew from the Mastership of the Meynell Hunt, after holding that office for close upon twelve years; and of the horses which hailed from his stables one, at least, Love Wisely, is well remembered as winner of the Ascot Gold Cup two years back.

The Rev. Samuel Davidson, D.D., LL.D., whose services to Biblical criticism have been long and meritorious, died in London at the age of ninety-one. Born near Ballymena, Ireland, he was appointed to the Chair of Biblical criticism at the Royal College, Belfast, when he was only twenty-eight. Wavering from Presbyterianism towards Congregationalism, he left Ireland for Lancashire, and continued his expositions of Scripture at the Independent College at Manchester. That was more than fifty years ago, and his views again widening, he resigned his Chair and came to London, where he pursued his career of authorship, and where he sat on the Old Testament Revision Committee. His principal works were "An Introduction to the New Testament," the "Canon of the Bible," and "The Doctrine of Last Things"; besides several translations.

The second trial of M. Zola is fixed for May 23, and it will probably be conducted at Versailles. This scarcely promises well for public order, as Versailles has a garrison, and the military element is likely to make itself obtrusive. M. Zola has received unexpected support in the shape of remarkable evidence from the military attaché at the Italian Embassy in Paris,

and from Colonel Schwartzkoppen, formerly the German military attaché in the capital. Both these officers know Major Esterhazy well, and their testimony gives the ugliest complexion to the part he has played in this extraordinary case. He is accused, amongst other things, of having threatened Colonel Schwartzkoppen's life because the attaché refused to swear to Madame Dreyfus that her husband was guilty. How this evidence is to be given before the Court is not clear, for it is improbable that foreign witnesses will be admitted.

It is reported in Paris that Prince Henri of Orleans, who publicly embraced Major Esterhazy after the recent trial, is about to take that officer with him to Abyssinia. There are obvious reasons why Esterhazy may find it convenient to seek another atmosphere. Meanwhile, it will be noted with interest that M. Rochefort, who has been demanding severe penalties on all who "insult" the army, is daily denouncing General Billot as a "traitor." M. Zola has never gone so far as that, and yet it is proposed to strike him off the Legion of Honour, and every effort will be made to send him to prison.

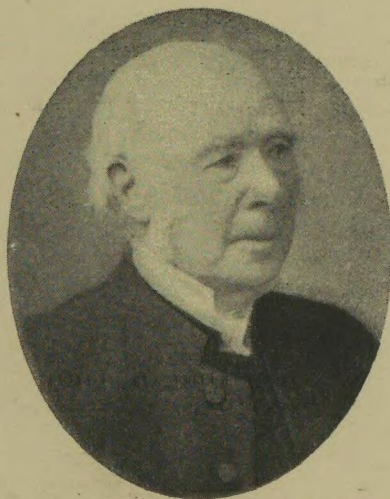


Photo Fall.
THE LATE REV. SAMUEL DAVIDSON, D.D., LL.D.

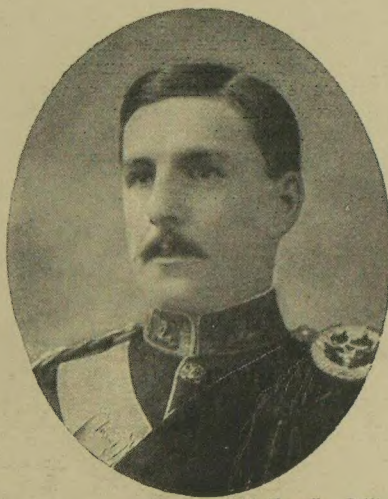


Photo Chancellor, Dublin.
CAPTAIN N. C. MACLACHLAN,
Wounded in the Atbara Fight.

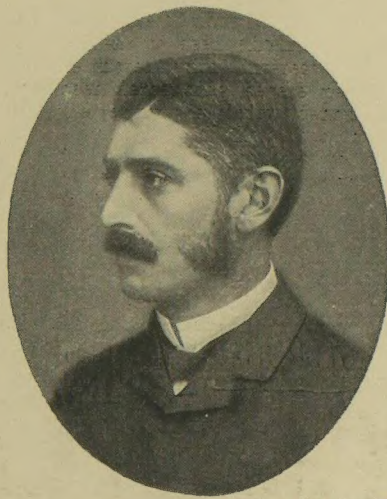


Photo Russell.
THE LATE MARQUIS OF EXETER.

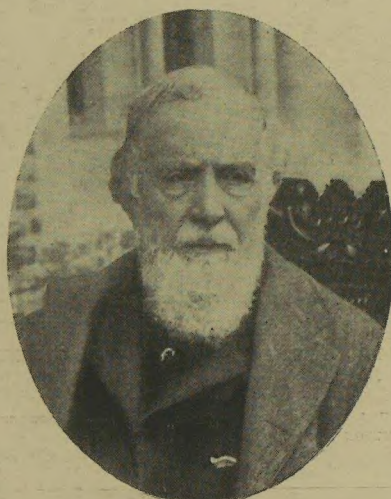


Photo Russell.
THE LATE GENERAL SIR HENRY J. WARRE, K.C.B.

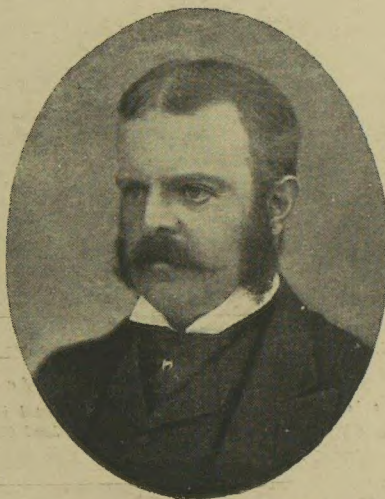


Photo Russell.
THE LATE MR. HAMAR ALFRED BASS, M.P.



Photo Ball.
THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL G. F. GILDEA, C.B.

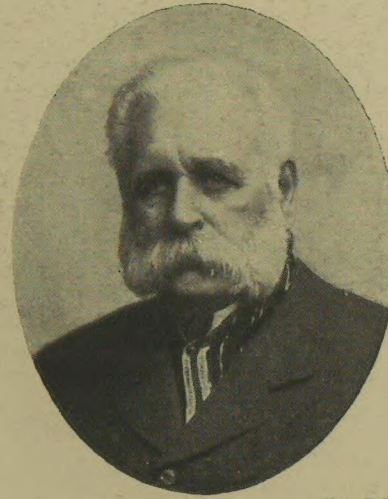


Photo Ball.
THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS CLERK.



Photo Del Tufa, Madras.
THE LATE SUBADAR-MAJOR MUKLIS ALI KHAN.

of thirty-nine, is familiar to most of the people in Southern India. His father, Assad Hussain Khan, was a Carnatic stipendiary, and he thus came of the stock of an ancient and historic house known as Ahle Navayat of the Mehkery branch, one of the most noble families in the country. His ancestors originally came from Arabia. He himself was a great-grandson of Nawab Sadatullah Khan, former sovereign of the Carnatic. After receiving his early education under English missionary tutors, he was given a commission in the Madras Army twelve years ago, along with Mr. Desa Raj Urs, now a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Mysore Army, and son-in-law of the late Maharajah of Mysore. Muklis Ali Khan was the first Mohammedan to be thus honoured, and, in fact, he is the only Mohammedan in Southern India who has received a commission in consideration of his birth since the passing of the Act of 1877 empowering the local Government to enlist sons of noblemen as officers in the army, as Lieutenant-Colonel Desa Raj was the first among the Hindus. He soon rose to the rank of Subadar-Major, and for his services in the last Burmese Campaign was rewarded with the medal. His life is remarkable not so much for any grand military achievement as for its moral worth. He was distinguished for his charity and for other good qualities. As a president



THE CHINESE QUESTION.—THE GERMAN OCCUPATION OF KIAO-CHAU: SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN THE YAMEN, OR GOVERNMENT HOUSE, TSINGTAN.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

"On Sunday the band of one of the ships plays in the Yamen, and I was much interested in watching the Chinese enjoying music quite foreign to them. The Governor walked about and chatted with his officers, and with the head Chinese men of the place."—MELTON PRIOR.



OFFICERS AND MILITARY ASSISTANT SURGEONS WHO SERVED IN THE NO. 1 BRITISH GENERAL HOSPITAL DURING THE RECENT INDIAN FRONTIER CAMPAIGN.

From a Photograph supplied by Mr. J. R. Rodericks.



"I must 'ave misunderstood you," said Mr. Price weakly.
 "You're good at that."
 "Shall we ave just one kiss before we part?" asked Mr. Price.
 "No," said Miss Martin decidedly. "We won't. And what's more, Joseph Price, understand this: that you're behaving like a low, mean person, and you're—you're no gentleman."
 "Steady!" protested Mr. Price.
 "You're a weak, empty 'eaded, contemptible man, and if it wasn't for me good manners I should tell you so, too."
 "You'd better not," recommended the young man. "Don't you go and overstep the lor."
 "The lor!" cried Alfred Martin's sister with sudden vehemence, "do you fancy I care for the lor? If I cared for the lor, do you think I wouldn't ave you up for breach?"
 "You won't go and make yourself a laughin' stock?" begged Mr. Price earnestly.

THE boy held the window of his bed-room slightly open so that he could hear the conversation going on at the street door below. Castle Street was quiet: from the Southwark Bridge Road came a faint tinkling of tram-bells. Decidedly the conversation to-night was not so amusing as usual. At times the farewell speeches of his grown-up sister and Mr. Joseph Price had diverted him to such an extent that he had been forced to hurry back to bed and have his laugh out under the pillow; it constituted a nightly entertainment to which he looked forward with appetite. His grievance had been that on occasions they had not spoken loudly enough: there were no grounds for complaint on that account this evening.

"And you mean to tell me, Joseph Price," said his sister's voice, "that after walkin' out with me all these months, and making me neglect other opportunities, you've got the cool impudence to look me in the face and tell me you want the engagement broke off!"

"To a certain extent," said Mr. Joseph Price, in guarded apologetic tones, "yes."

"Well, all I can say is——" began Alfie Martin's grown-up sister with a sob in her voice. But she did not finish the sentence.

"Now what is the use of takin' on about it?" urged Mr. Price awkwardly. "That won't make it no better. Why not take a incident of this kind calmly, like what I do? Fact of the matter is my mother and me's been debating it over——"

"I'll debate her!" said Miss Martin through her handkerchief.

"—Since I got my increase in our ware'ouse, and we've come to the conclusion—or rather *she* has—that I ought to keep meself free, as it were, for a year or two."

"And it's just because of a paltry 'alf-crown a week extra in your wages——"

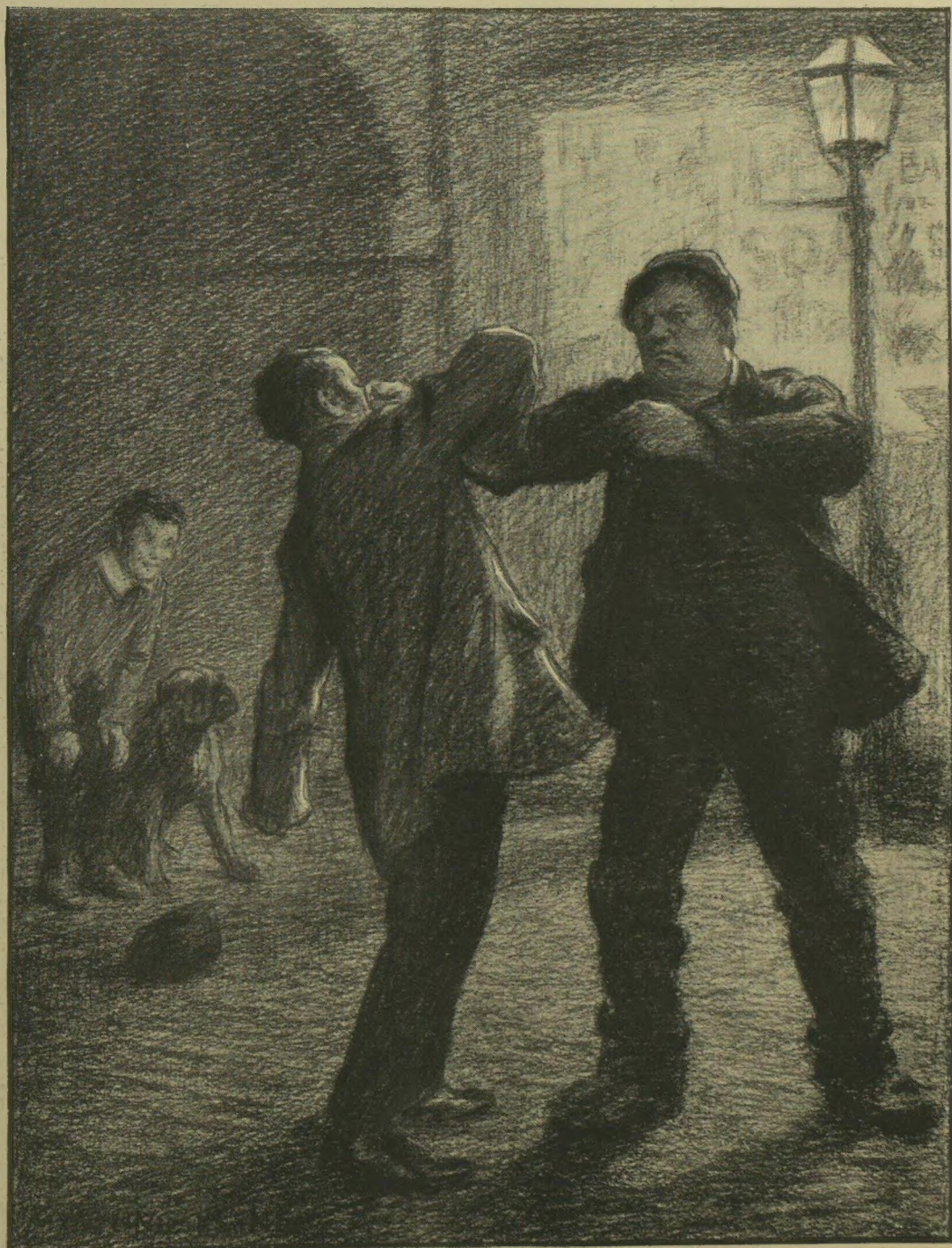
"For a year or two," went on Mr. Joseph Price, in the manner of one reciting, "so that I may 'ave time to look round and not be rushed into matrimony before I was. Therefore I think it only fair to mention it, adding a hope that you will soon find a worthier young gentleman to keep company with, and that Providence may prosper you and shower 'appiness upon you and that you'll kindly let mother 'ave my letters back during the course of to-morrow morning."

The boy, listening from the garret-window on the second floor, flushed and looked down fiercely with an idea of throwing something on the head of the young man.

"You don't have your letters back, Mr. Price," said his sister determinedly. The boy was glad to hear that she was no longer crying. "Tell your mother *that* from me, and give her my compliments and tell her she's a two-faced creature to behave like this after the caps I've made for her and the bonnets I've trimmed up and made fashionable for her."

"I'll give her the general effect of your message," said the young man. "And I'm glad to see you take it all in the proper light. As you very wisely remark, we can always be friends——"

"I never said nothing of the kind," she interrupted indignantly.



Carried away by a love for his art, the large-faced man decorated Mr. Price's face oddly before allowing that deplorable young man to run away.

"I don't mean to," said the young woman. "But I tell you what! If I'd got a grown-up brother, he should punish you so that your precious mother wouldn't know you."

"Fortunately," said Mr. Price, with confidence, "you ain't got a grown-up brother, so that 'ighly interesting little spar won't come off. But, after all, we have to take the world as we find it. Can't have everything your own way; the only plan is—"

"Of course, you don't care what my friends that are girls go and say about it all. Rare old joke they'll have at my expense. I shall never hear the last of it."

"It'll be only a nine days' wonder with 'em."

"Is there—is there some other lady?"

"No," declared Mr. Price. "If it's the last word I utter, no! I couldn't be as fond of anyone again as I've been of you. Same time, there's a good deal in what mother says about keeping meself free and un'amp'ered now that I'm getting on a bit in the world."

"I s'pose that mother of yours expects you to marry a lady of title," snapped Miss Martin, "jest because you're earning twenty-six shillings a week."

"Well," said Mr. Price, "you never know your luck."

The street door slammed. The boy, closing his window quietly, crept back into bed, scarlet with annoyance and shame. The family honour had been insulted, and he, a boy of eight, was unable to resent the affront. Being in bed, he slipped out again and measured himself against the picture of Napoleon at St. Helena, with some vague hope that his height might have suddenly increased. This miracle had not happened; he was still four feet five inches. He heard his sister come slowly upstairs and go into the room which she shared with her mother; listened to the faint talk of the two, and could tell presently that his mother was comforting his sister. Alfred Martin bent his small arm, bringing the fist sharply to his shoulder, and felt the place above the bend of the elbow, where there should have been muscle.

He was usually a boy who had but to lay his small head upon the pillow, and sleep, touching his eyelids lightly, would close them. Now he kept sleep at bay while he thought over the difficulty with which he, as the only male representative of the family, was faced. No solution came that night, and it was not until the following afternoon at the Board School, when he was in the midst of a lesson on history with references to the feudal system, that an idea arrived. Having arrived, it possessed him with such completeness that when presently geography was offered and he was given the task of quoting three rivers of Great Britain, he answered in an absent-minded way, "Meshach, Shadrach, and Abednego," an answer that was held to be inaccurate and unsatisfactory and as such deserving of punishment. He took this stolidly. When school was over he went home and told his mother that he was going to see a man about a hoop, and his mother told him not to come bothering her, adding, wearily, that what with one thing and what with another she scarcely knew whether she stood on her head or her heels. Alfie Martin, seeing his sister bending over her work at the table, walked round the room, affecting to be drum-major of the Coldstream Guards, but his sister, swollen-eyed, did not on this occasion smile at his performance. He went out into Southwark Street, and crossed the bridge with something of hurry in his manner, rehearsing as he went a comic-song.

In the City disappointment met Alfie Martin with a frown that was nearly a scowl. When with one stout-booted little foot he pressed open the door of a restaurant and sang the first lines of "I'm a swagger West End chappie," one of two things happened: either a waitress came and said sternly, "Outside, please, with that raow!" or a large City constable touched his shoulder and said with an affectation of courtesy that failed to deceive the boy, "When you've quite finished, my lad, don't let me detain you." It was only when in a court off Queen Street, Cheapside, making his last effort to earn some part of the shilling he desired to possess, that the luck changed. A wild-haired young man came down the steps of some offices in the court, a pen over each ear.

"I say!" said the wild-haired young man. "You there with the voice! Can't you give us a rest?"

"What's the matter with you?" asked Alfie, stopping.

"Well, it's like this," said the young man. "I've got my books to finish to-night, and if I'm interrupted, I shall lose my last train to Pinner. Now would you mind obliging me very much by going away?"

"That's all very well," said the boy; "but I want to earn some money."

"So do I," replied the young man. "How much do you want?"

"As much as I can get."

"My case again. But supposing I were to give you sixpence, what would you do?"

"Take it and go a bit 'igher up the street."

"Now look here!" said the young man. "How much would you take to go right away home and leave this neighbourhood in peace?"

"A bob," said the boy promptly.

"Done with you!" cried the young man, producing the coin. "Here's the exact sum. Don't trouble about a receipt."

"Much obliged," said the boy delightedly.

"Not at all. I'm much obliged to you. It's a pleasure to do business with business-like men. Good-bye."

In ten minutes' time the boy was outside the Surrey Theatre at the end of Blackfriars Road, panting with excitement and the swift run from Southwark Bridge. He looked curiously into the faces of the men who were loafing about in front of the theatre; then he went to an adjacent public-house and glanced in at the various bars. Returning, he caught sight of his man. This was a large-faced, moody-looking individual who was strolling along, swearing quietly at his bull-dog, a fierce animal of about the same temperament as his master.

"Ello!" said the boy. The large-faced man did not answer. "Want a job?"

"I don't want cheek," said the man truculently.

"D'you want," asked the boy with persistence, "to earn a shillin'?" The man condescended to stop. "It won't take you ten minutes," urged the boy anxiously, "and it ain't 'ard work; it's only to knock a chep down for me."

"Got the bob with you?" asked the man.

"I 'ave so!"

"Then hand it over," said the man sulkily, "and we'll see what we can do."

"No fear!" said Alfie Martin, looking up at him. "You do the job first and then you shall 'ave the kesh."

"What d'you think of him, Sunshine?" The ugly dog growled. "That's jest what I think. It looks to me very odd and very suspicious, and I don't believe he ain't got no bloomin' bob."

"Look!" said the boy. And backing to the lamp-post held it up.

"Boys like you," remarked the fighting-man, "don't come by 'ole shillings honest. You've pinched that from someone. Give it 'ere!"

"When you've earn't it."

"That's the world all over," said the man regretfully. "It's all earn, earn, earn. Young an' old; they can't say nothin' else. 'Pon me word, if it isn't enough to make a man say he won't do no more work. Besides, when I was a kid of your age I should no more 'ave thought of 'agglin' with me elders—"

"Are you going to take the job on?"

"If I wasn't jest about stony," said the man, "I'd treat you with the contempt you deserve. It's a blooming fine thing, upon my word, that a man, what in his day has been the eight-stun-seven champion for South London, should 'ave to lower hisself to work of this kind."

"Yes or no?"

"If I had the money in my pocket now what I've flung away in backing wrong 'uns, you see what I'd say. If I'd had a drink since nine o'clock this morning you'd 'ear some language that'd fairly make your 'air curl. But circumstances being what they are, I'm 'alf inclined to trust you, my boy."

"I shall act straight."

"You'd better," said the man menacingly. "'Adn't he, Sunshine?"

Sunshine gave a vicious bark and appeared to restrain himself from flying at the trembling, excited boy only by exercise of great self-control. The man lowered his voice and asked for further particulars; when these had been given he fixed his tweed cap more securely, closed his huge fists and aimed one or two blows at the air. Then he said with a melodramatic air, "Lead on, Meeduff!" and the boy conducted him quickly through a street leading towards the railway-arches.

"It's just his time now," whispered the boy as the clock struck the hour. "Two minutes and the bahnder'll be here on his way home. Give it him 'ard, won't you?"

"You leave that to me, my lad," said the large-faced man cheerfully and confidently. "I'll 'arf murder him."

"But don't go and overdo it."

"The 'appy mejum's always my motto," explained the man. "Sunshine, look after this kiddie. If he 'tempts to run off whilst I'm busy, fix him. D'year?"

The bull-dog signified that he understood.

"'Ere he comes!" cried the boy suddenly.

"Stan' back in the shadder," commanded the man.

Mr. Joseph Price was coming along under the railway-arch with a troubled, doubtful air, as one whose mind was not entirely free from care. Apparently he found little joy in encountering an evening into which the agreeable presence of Alfie's grown-up sister did not enter; he sighed noisily as he passed the large-faced man. From the protecting shadow Alfred coughed.

"You'll pardon me," said the large-faced man with aggressive politeness. "Name of Price, I believe: Mr. Joseph Price."

"That's me," said Mr. Price.

"Thought so," remarked the man acutely. "'Ang me if the moment you came in sight something didn't tell me 'That's the awkward young slab whose face you've got to punch!'"

"Punch?" echoed Mr. Price apprehensively.

"Yus," replied the man. "Punch! P—u—n—s—h, punch."

"Whatever for?" asked Mr. Price wonderingly.

"A fair question," acknowledged the other, with a

judicial manner. "I b'lieve you're acquainted, or rawther 'ave been acquainted, with a lady called Miss Martin?"

"We've certain'y been friends," said Mr. Price carefully. "What I mean to say is we've always been 'ail-fellow-well-met with each other."

"And you've behaved rather badly to her, I understand?"

"There's been a bit of a tiff," said the younger man uneasily. "You know the old saying: 'When'—"

"Never you mind the old saying. You just listen to me for a bit."

"I don't want to be late home."

"You'll be 'ome in five minutes," said the man reassuringly—"what there is left of you. I believe I'm right in stating that you led Miss Marfield to believe that you'd—"

"Miss Martin."

"I said Martin!" shouted the man fiercely. "Don't you come any of your City tricks with me, my man! I know what I'm talking about! I'm no fool of a gel, mind you! I'm a man, with a man's head on him and a man's fist, and don't you forget it!"

"Well," said Mr. Price, "now if you don't mind excusin' me, I'll be off."

"No you don't!" declared the other man. "Oh, no, my fine feller, you're not going like that!"

"How am I going then?"

"You wait and see," said the man mysteriously. "When you do get 'ome, 'ave a look at yourself in the glass, and see what you think of that noble physog of yours. It'll be a picture when I've done with it."

"You know better than lay a finger on me," said young Mr. Price nervously. "You don't want to appear at South'ark Police-Court to-morrow morning, I lay!"

"No," said the man. He took Mr. Price's shoulder with his immense hand and whispered hoarsely, "No more do you."

"Tell you what!" said Mr. Price, struck with a joyful idea. "Come and 'ave a glass of gingerade at a sweet-stuff shop, and say no more about it?"

"Gingerade!" echoed the man despairingly. "Gingerade! Me! gingerade!" He turned sharply on Mr. Price. "Look 'ere!" he said. "You don't deny you've treated the young woman badly?"

"Depends what you call badly," replied the quaking young man. He essayed an attitude of decision. "Anyway, I don't see what it's got to do with you."

"Ho!" said the large-faced man satirically. "You don't see what it's got to do with me, don't you? I seep-pose, then, I'm not her distant rel'tive come back from abroad, and I've not been asked to settle this little affair with you. I seep-pose," he said with sudden ferocity, "I'm a liar, am I? I tell you what, my fine feller! Anyone that calls me a liar has to prove it. Nah then, up with yer dooks."

Mr. Price, putting his fists up with vague reminiscence of pictures of prize-fighters in the cheap weekly papers, found himself promptly struck to the ground. Getting up he said rather mistakenly, "You do it again, that's all," and the large-faced man obligingly complied; and when Mr. Price rose once more, and tried confusedly to find his handkerchief, he was sent staggering against the wall where Alfie stood. The boy started, and Sunshine gave a warning growl, meaning to say, "Ah, would you?" The boy coughed as signal for closing the incident, but the large-faced man disregarded this, and carried away by a love for his art, decorated Mr. Price's face oddly before allowing that deplorable young man to run away.

"Satisfactory?" asked the large-faced man, looking at his knuckles.

"Quite," replied the boy. "'Ere's the bob."

The man spat on the coin for luck, and called to the dog.

"Any time, kiddie," he said, "that you want a job of the kind done, you'll nearly always find me round about the Obelisk."

"I'll make a note of it," said the small boy.

"And when you've growed up a bit, best thing you can do is to come to me and let me show you how to hold your fists. It may come in useful or it may not come in useful, but it's pretty certain not to do you no 'arm."

"You may take your oath," said the small boy, starting off, "that when I can punch for meself I shan't go getting other people to punch for me. So long!"

He walked home to Castle Street quietly, because he desired to enjoy fully the glow of righteousness that success had brought to him. So far as he had been able to act, the affront to the family was now avenged. He marched along with his most important air, hands in his knickerbocker pockets, chest well out. Now perhaps his people would recognise what a valuable man he was; now, surely, they would cease to treat him as though he were still a mere lad. Women were all very well, but it was well that there should be a man near to them in order to guard and resent interference.

"Mother in?" he asked.

"No, Elfy," said his sister, looking up from her work. "She's gone up to the Borough to do some shopping. Get your boots off and slip up to bed, there's a dear."

"Don't you go dearing me," protested the boy magnificently. "I've got some news for you—good news!"

"I don't think there are any good news in the world for me, Elfy."

"Cheer up," said Alfred. "Seen that chap Price to-day?"

"No," she said flushing. "I shan't see him never any more. Not to speak to, at any rate."

"I should like you to ketch sight of him this evening, if it could be managed," remarked the boy with great good-humour. "I reckon his face is a picture."

"Don't tell me," said his sister, rising agitatedly, "don't tell me, Elfy, that anything's 'appened to him."

"He's been in the wars," said the boy gleefully.

"But—but he's not hurt?"

"If he ain't 'urt, I don't know what you'd call 'urt."

He told the story of the punishment under the railway arch, exaggerating where the report seemed to require that treatment. He described the fight with unconcealed delight; here and there it was not quite easy to gain whether some of the blows had been struck by himself or by the boxing man whose services he had engaged; an imitation of the manner in which Mr. Price had limped off after punishment made him smile, despite his anxiety to appear mature and important. His sister listened, her hand at her white throat, her breath coming quickly and irregularly.

"But who dared to tell this man to go and knock poor Joseph about, Elfy?"

"Since you ask the question," said the boy oracularly, "it was me."

"You, Elfy?"

"Me," repeated the boy.

His sister looked at him.

"Me!" he repeated exultantly. "I thought of it, I went and earnt the money, I found the man to do the job, I stood by and watched him do it, I paid him kesh for the transaction."

"Elfy, how could you?"

"It'll learn him," said the boy caustically, "that he can't go toddling about in this world doing jest as he jolly well pleases without 'aving to suffer for it. It'll learn him to think twice another time 'fore he says 'arsh things to a young gel like what he did to you last night. When he looks at his black eye and his nose— Why, what's the matter? What you crying for now?"

"Oh, you wicked, wicked boy!" she cried. "I shall never forgive you!"

"Never forgive me?" he echoed amazedly. "Why, what 'ave I done wrong now?"

"Can't you see?" she said tearfully.

"'Ang me if I can," declared the boy. "I've had him punched about as though he was a try-your-strength machine. What more could I do?"

"It isn't more you should have done," she wailed. "It's less. If Joseph's appearance is spoiled, I shall feel that I'm to blame."

"You actually talk like this after he's been and given you the chuck?"

"You don't understand, Elfy. You're only a little chap, and—"

"If I don't unnerstand," said the boy laboriously, "p'raps you'll be so good as to give me a chance of unnerstanding."

"Good evening, Mrs. Martin," said the voice of Joseph Price. "Can I see your daughter for 'alf a second?"

"I'll ask," said Alfred's mother distantly. "What's 'appened to your face?"

"Slight accident," replied Mr. Price with dejection.

"Slipped on a bit of orange-peel, and—"

"Joseph!" cried the voice of Alfred's sister, "is that you?"

"Well," said Mr. Price doubtfully, "I s'pose I'd better answer 'yes' to that question."

"Mother," commanded the young woman, "go inside, or else you'll catch cold. Joseph!" The boy had to listen intently now in order not to miss words. "Why have you called? What a sight your face is!"

"Sight as I may be," said Mr. Price stolidly, "and doubtless am, I have called to ask you, in fact to crave from you, permission to withdraw certain remarks that I let slip last evening in the 'eat of the moment when I wasn't thinking."

"You certainly seemed strange in your manner."

"On me way 'ome this evening," went on Mr. Price, "I had a little upset, and when I got in-doors mother declared I'd been drinking. One word led to another, and at last I up and told her that I was miserable without you—"

"Go on, dear!"

"Miserable without you, and that my parting from you on her advice had led to nothing but melancholy and personal annoyance and what not. Therefore I've called here to-night to apologise for what I said on her suggestion; to ast you to let bygones be bygones, and to offer you—if you'll excuse the expression—my 'and and 'eart, and to find out what date'd be most—"

"S'pose you come in, Joseph," said Alf's sister

softly, "and talk it over with my mother." The boy closed the window and looked at himself for some time in the looking-glass. Then he crossed the room and knelt down at the chair and prayed, undoing his braces at the same time so that minutes might not be wasted.

"Lord," said Alf, "wilt Thou 'ave the kindness to make me grow strong and tall and with plenty to say for meself, and wilt Thou do this as soon as Thou can find time, so's to save me expense and waste of money that might be used in other ways—say, for a cricket-bat. Believe me, Lord, Thy obedient servant, A. Martin."

He rose. He was half-way into his blue flannel bed-gown when an important idea occurred to him, and he knelt down again quickly.

"Should 'ave mentioned," he whispered, "Elfred Martin, of fifty-three Cawstle Street, jest over Surrey side of South'ark Bridge."

THE END.



"Don't tell me," said his sister, rising agitatedly, "don't tell me, Elfy, that anything's 'appened to him."

"Can't you see, you bad boy!" she cried, "that I—I love him all the same."

She went to the small square of looking-glass on the wall above the fireplace, and rubbed at her eyes with her handkerchief.

"Well," said the boy, undoing his bootlaces gloomily, "I thought I knew something about women. I find I've got a lot to learn yet."

He ate his supper with a fierce reserve, and giving his sister a curt "Good night!" he went up the stairs. Indignation was fighting with amazement tumultuously in his little brain, and he sat on the bed, looking at the picture of Napoleon at St. Helena, and trying to reason out clearly the strange turn that events had taken. He felt bitterly disappointed. Presently his mother returned from her shopping, and immediately after this he heard a timid knock at the front door below. He opened his window quietly and listened.

Fortifications.

Island of Liu-Kung-Tau.



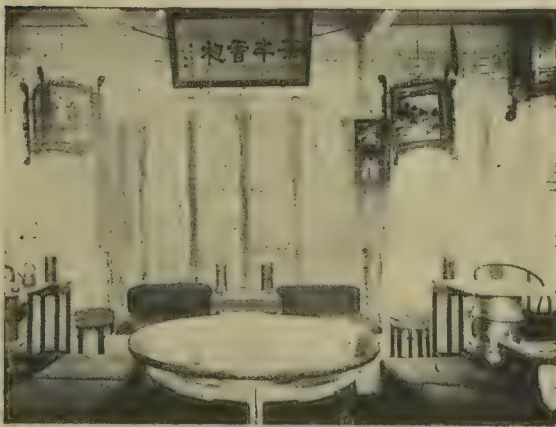
One of the Guns on the Fort.

THE CHINESE QUESTION: WEI-HAI-WEI, THE NAVAL PORT LEASED TO GREAT BRITAIN, WITH THE ISLAND OF LIU-KUNG-TAU, AT THE ENTRANCE TO ITS HARBOUR.

T H E C H I N E S E Q U E S T I O N .



ENTRANCE.



INTERIOR.



IN THE COURTYARD.

THE TSUNG-LI-YAMEN, THE CHINESE IMPERIAL CHANCERY AND FOREIGN OFFICE. PEKING.

From Photographs by Mr. Thomas Ch'd.

The more recent developments of the present crisis in the Far East are recorded on another page, but we here give illustrations of a number of Chinese subjects, which are rendered interesting by the international importance of the present scramble for Chinese ports. Wei-Hai-Wei, the naval stronghold on the Shangtung promontory, which has been leased to Great Britain by the Chinese Government, has in the past been considered one of China's two most valuable naval stations; the other being Russia's

formed by a natural semicircle, is guarded by two islands, Liu-Kung-Tau and Jih. The latter is a mere fortress, but the former, which has a girth of more than five miles, affords a very strong protection to the harbour of Wei-Hai-Wei, and that it is capable of being held against a large attacking force was proved in 1895, when Admiral Ting made his last stand against the Japanese forces at Wei-Hai-Wei. The name of Port Arthur, Russia's newly acquired naval station, is now sufficiently

good water, and the shallowness of parts of the basin (the latter defect has probably been obviated recently), it may be considered the model of a natural roadstead. It was selected by the Chinese Government as its chief military port, and the hills are crowned with forts (some years ago these were thirteen in number) armed with Krupp guns of heavy calibre. Six thousand infantry and one thousand artillery soldiers formed its garrison. The hills crowned by the forts are not fortified on their lower slopes, where



CHINESE TEMPLE AT CHEFOO, WHERE LI-HUNG-CHANG SIGNED THE LAST BRITISH TREATY.



BRITISH OFFICERS VIEWING A DISMOUNTED GUN AFTER THE ACTION AT WEI-HAI-WEI IN 1895.

newly acquired base of operations, Port Arthur. These two ports practically divide the command of the Gulf of Pechili, hence the importance—but little inferior to Russia's late advantage—of the station now formally leased to Great Britain by the Tsung-li-Yamen, or Chinese Imperial Chancery and Foreign Office, whose headquarters at Peking are here reproduced from photographs. Wei-Hai-Wei is situated on a bay which has a total coast-line of about twenty miles. The entrance to the harbour,

familiar, but very few particulars concerning the natural characteristics of the place are to be gained from English gazetteers. A French authority, however, supplies some facts concerning this fine natural harbour of interest at the present time. The harbour is a large inlet of oval form, with a narrow entrance between two promontories, one of which is some four hundred feet high, and it is not closed by ice during the winter. In spite of some drawbacks, such as a want of a copious supply of

barracks, stores, magazines, etc., are clustered together. In 1889 the large docks had been nearly completed at an enormous expense. Electric lighting had been introduced, and the big lighthouse painted in horizontal stripes of black and white lit up the sea in a manner to prevent the surprises of a night attack. Port Arthur has been the chief coaling-place of the Chinese navy, and three years ago some 4000 tons of coal was the stock kept here by the Chinese authorities.



UPPER DECK GUN OF H.M.S. "ÆOLUS" WHILE CRUISING OFF WEI-HAI-WEI IN THE WINTER OF 1895.



PARADE-GROUND OF THE FORT ON ITAN ISLAND. AFTER ADMIRAL TING'S LAST STAND AGAINST THE JAPANESE IN 1895.

From Photographs by Mr. James Fuller, R.N.

ART NOTES.

Mr. W. L. Wyllie is a past master in the art of painting shipping and river scenery, and he fairly earned his Associateship by careful work. Whether his reputation will gain or suffer by his exhibition of studies of "Fair and Foul Weather," now on view at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery, is a matter of doubt. Mr. Wyllie's touch is always delicate, and his eye is excellently trained to observe the ever-varying phases of coast scenery and atmosphere. But on our coasts, especially in the south, where Mr. Wyllie's floating studio seems to linger, the prevailing tone of the sky is somewhat monotonous, in summer as in winter, and consequently the danger is that seventy or eighty truthful studies may be somewhat trying to an artistic reputation. In any case, one's eye rests with satisfaction upon such effects of reflected light as seen in the renderings of "Southampton Water" (58) and "Long Reach" (54), and the bolder treatment displayed in the "Barge-Race on the Medway" (77), in the sound colouring of the Scheldt off "Ter Neuzen" (53) and the heave of the water in the "North Sea Trawlers" (43). What one regrets most in such a collection of works by one who has such a thorough knowledge of his subject is that no answer should be given to the problem—Has the sea, away from the influence of shore, sand, and mud, its own superficial colour, or only such as is reflected upon its surface? In too many of these pictures Mr. Wyllie seems to shirk this question, or to halt between opposing opinions. It is not one capable of arbitrary decision, for it has been treated in different ways by experienced painters. Nevertheless, it would have been more satisfactory had Mr. Wyllie contributed his own views in a more decided way.

At the Dutch Gallery (Brook Street, Hanover Square) Mr. Arthur Tomson is exhibiting about thirty landscapes dealing with English scenery in the spirit of the French Romanticists. There is doubtless a fine poetic feeling traceable throughout all his work, but it is, after a time, somewhat depressing. There were many reasons which may have induced Corot and his associates to adopt the line by which they wished to recall their fellow countrymen to the beauties of nature and to the dignity of labour. Has Mr. Tomson any similar justification? In such works, masterpieces in their way, as "A Coming Storm," "Harvesting on the Downs," and "An August Night," we have a saddened rendering of what is intended to be a scene of exquisite beauty, but, by accentuating the sombre side, we lose much of the charm. In "A Surrey Farmhouse," the blue-green "Pastoral," and the soft, light air of "A Misty Morning," no such feeling is produced, and we can enjoy the scene without reservation. Mr. Tomson is a really noteworthy artist, and such a work as the pastel "Tulips" shows that he is not without sympathy for colour.

Admirers of Meissonier, and collectors of his etched and engraved work, will be grateful to Mr. Walter Robinson for his desire to make a complete catalogue of the various

attempts to reproduce the French artist's work. According to his own account, as far back as 1884 Meissonier had painted 450 pictures, of which he supposed about one-half were to be found in America. As he lived for upwards of ten years after the exhibition of his works in 1884, it may be fairly presumed that up to the time of death he had painted at least 550 pictures. Of these, according to Mr. Walter Robinson, 184 have been reproduced by etching or engraving, besides many others by woodcuts, lithographs, photographure, of which he takes no account. At the outset of his career Meissonier did his own etchings, and of these Mr. W. Robinson catalogues eighteen in his own possession, beginning with "Le Violon," a design for a visiting-

in the lifetime of many of those to whose etchings it relates, it will become an authoritative work of reference for generations yet unborn. Moreover, should Meissonier's reputation as a painter suffer decline, as we cannot but believe it will, his etched work will always retain a special interest and value.

Dr. Farquharson's appeal on the discussion of the Army Estimates for some guarantee for the protection of the National Gallery from fire, may have seemed to the military authorities somewhat out of place. They at least condescended to give no answer, although Dr. Farquharson had made the startling statement that only eighteen inches separated the priceless Turner pictures from the "highly inflammable contents of the barrack canteen." The protest, however, was by no means misplaced, for although every precaution is doubtless taken to reduce the danger to a minimum, there is always an irreducible minimum which, as experience has shown, is the cause of serious catastrophes. It is bad enough to have our national collection of pictures in immediate proximity to barracks where discipline is traditional, and where soldiers know what to do and what to avoid; but the dangers are increased a hundredfold when these barracks are the reception-wards of young recruits, in many cases picked up in haphazard fashion, and wholly unaccustomed to the restrictions and limitations of barrack life. Our National Portrait Gallery was actually threatened by fire before the Government could be induced to place its contents under proper protection, and apparently the authorities are now waiting for a similar warning to that given a short time ago at the barracks in Birdcage Walk before taking steps to remove the present London Recruiting Dépôt and the troops who occupy the other buildings behind the National Gallery.

The medal of the Royal Humane Society for gallant conduct has been awarded to Mr. Charles Leigh Kinnear, fourth officer of Messrs. Donald Currie and Co.'s Cape mail-steamer, *Dunottar Castle*, and to George Karby, a ship's cook of the same steamer, for the coolness and bravery displayed by them in diving overboard from one of the ship's boats which had



A TRIO.—BY EDGAR BUNDY.

From the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Oil Colours.

card for M. Vuillaume, the musical-instrument maker, and ending with the remarque for the etching of the picture "1807," otherwise known as "Friedland."

Meissonier's etchers have been at least as many as the letters of the alphabet, and although the names of Bracquemond, Flameng, Jacquet, Le Rat, Mongin, and Rajon are chiefly associated with the artist in the work of reproduction, there are many others whose etchings are even more keenly sought after by amateurs. Mr. Robinson's catalogue—which, it should be stated, is printed for private circulation—describes minutely each reproduction, and gives in most cases useful information, by which the various pictures, often bearing the same or similar titles, may be distinguished. The value of this little handbook to collectors, present and future, is obvious; for, compiled

put off to attempt the rescue of an unfortunate passenger, who, in a fit of temporary derangement, jumped overboard from the mail-steamer in December last. On reaching the place where the drowning man was sinking, Mr. Kinnear, who was in command of the boat's crew, and Karby, who has on several previous occasions been instrumental in saving life at sea, dived overboard without waiting to divest themselves of their clothing or sea-boots, and only with great effort succeeded in bringing the drowning man to the surface and regaining the boat, owing to the high sea which was then running. The personal-risk incurred in this act of daring was enhanced by the well-known fact that the sea in that neighbourhood is infested by large numbers of sharks. Mr. Kinnear and his comrade in pluck are all the more to be applauded for their heroic action.





1. The Band Begins to Play. 2. Duty Calls. 3. Regimental Transport (Civilian). 4. Making Soup for Midday Meal. 5. Night Quarters: Lights Out. 6. Our Quartermaster: Duty not Pleasure. 7. Rolling Capes.

THE VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES: WITH THE ALDERSHOT CONTINGENT.

From Photographs by Knight, Aldershot.



BRIGADIER-COLONEL BARRINGTON-CAMPBELL.



STAFF OFFICERS.



UMPIRES GIVING ORDERS TO OFFICERS OF THE LONDON SCOTTISH.



WITH THE LONDON SCOTTISH.



THE LOCHABER SWORD-DANCE AT MALPLAQUET BARRACKS.



A PICKET OF THE LONDON SCOTTISH.



EXAMINING ARMS.



CAUGHT "NAPPING."



1. Starting from the Club, Whitehall Court. 2. Arrival at the Bear at Esher. 3. The White Lion at Guildford. 4. Over the Hog's Back to Farnham. 5. Passing Butter Cross, Winchester. 6. A Damp Arrival—Norfolk Arms, Arundel. 7. Leaving Worthing. 8. The Yard of the Maiden's Head at Uckfield. 9. The White Hart at Lewes. 10. Motors arriving at Ely Grange, Frant. 11. A Steep Run to Tunbridge.

EASTER ON A MOTOR CAR: THE HOLIDAY TOUR OF THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

THE VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES: WITH THE ALDERSHOT CONTINGENT.

From Photographs by Knight, Aldershot.



THE 2ND (SOUTH) MIDDLESEX LEAVING BARRACKS.



THE 2ND MIDDLESEX ON PARADE.



THE 2ND MIDDLESEX RENDEZVOUS.



THE BANK OF ENGLAND RENDEZVOUS.



THE CIVIL SERVICE RENDEZVOUS.



AN OUTPOST OF THE 13TH MIDDLESEX.



THE 13TH MIDDLESEX AT LUNCH.



THE 13TH MIDDLESEX COMMISSARIAT.



WITH AN EASTER MARCHING DETACHMENT: THE END OF THE FRAY.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Most of us are familiar with that passage of Macaulay's paper on "Frederick the Great" in which the famous essayist depicts Maria Theresa appearing before the Estates of her realm with the little Archduke in her arms, and appealing to their patriotism to support her against the wanton aggression of the hero of the subsequent Seven Years' War. The scene is altogether inaccurate in one respect, inasmuch as the baby Archduke Joseph was left behind in Vienna, and could therefore not have supplied part of the dramatic ingredients of that memorably historical day at the Diet of Presburg. This apocryphal scene, however, had its real counterparts elsewhere, before and afterwards. During her regency, Anne of Austria showed the boy-king Louis XIV. to the nobles and the mob that invaded the Palais Royal.

In 1830 the Duchesse de Berri tried a somewhat analogous experiment with her son, the late Comte de Chambord, but the sight of *l'enfant du miracle*, then a lad in his tenth year, failed to produce the desired miracle on the revolutionaries. Nor was the Duchesse d'Orléans, the grandmother of the present Duke, more successful when, eighteen years later, she proceeded to the Palais Bourbon, then, as now, the Chamber of Deputies, with her two children, the late Comte de Paris and the living Duc de Chartres.

By the time these lines appear in print a descendant of Maria Theresa may have been compelled to follow the example of her great ancestress, and have had to appeal in company with her son to the Estates of the realm she governs in his name, not only for their support against the foreign enemy that threatens Spain, but also against the machinations of the Carlists, who, I am credibly informed, are already at work. I trust I may be mistaken, for apart from all political considerations, no more worthy and generous-minded gentlewoman ever occupied a throne than this Marie Christine of Hapsburg, who, young as she is, has already had more than her due share of troubles, all of which she has borne with heroic fortitude, and to whom no one would wish a heavier burden than she already bears.

She had an uphill task from the beginning of her marriage. Such of her countrywomen, whether purely Austrian or merely German, as had become the consorts of Spanish rulers in the past, left no beneficent marks in the history of the country. The very contrary was the case. To cite two only will be sufficient for my purpose. There was the historical memory of Maria Anne of Austria, the second wife of Philip IV., arriving at Madrid with her confessor, Father Nithard, who dictated to her her smallest as well as most important acts in accordance with his instructions from Vienna. Then came Marie Anne von Neuburg, whom Victor Hugo in "Ruy Blas" endeavoured to exalt into a timid, sweet, and generous heroine, but whom official documents of unimpeachable veracity show in her true character of a hard, grasping woman, absolutely pitiless in the pursuit of her own ambitious schemes.

Like these two, Marie Christine was the second spouse of her royal husband, the first spouse in all three cases having belonged to the Latin, and therefore to a kindred race. It was well-known that reasons of State rather than affection had dictated the union of Alfonso XII. with an Austrian Archduchess. Spain wanted an heir. What was less known, perhaps not even suspected, was the fact that this young Archduchess was desperately in love with the young King, that her heart had gone out to him at their first meeting. Alfonso and his subjects wanted a son to be born to him; Queen Christine only brought forth daughters, two in the space of three years. Then came the cruellest blow of all. Toward the end of November 1885, Alfonso XII. went the way of all flesh, very prematurely, leaving his widow pregnant for the third time. The dowager of less than twenty-five was invested with the regency, and the political factions, or parties if one will, tacitly agreed to a truce until the birth of the third child. The Queen accepted the trust with resignation rather than alacrity. If the truth were fully known, she would have preferred, perhaps, to return to her peaceful, uneventful life at Vienna, or as the Abbess-Superior of the convent at Prague, founded by Maria Theresa for the daughters of the nobility, where Alfonso found her. With the birth of her son, in May 1886, a spirit of change came over her. It was a trust directly imposed upon her by Providence, and she has proved herself fully equal to it.

For although it was practically agreed that until the majority of Alfonso XIII. the government of the Regency should virtually remain sacred from all attacks, Queen Christine's path has not been strewn with roses. She has managed up till now to face all difficulties. With admirable tact she has held the balance between Conservatives and Liberals. She has entirely abandoned the traditions of the Queens of Spain of yore, who during the livelong day were under the watchful eye of the *Camerera Mayor*.

It is recorded of that Maria Anne of Austria to whom I referred above, that for a long time after Philip the Fourth's death she refused to show her face to her Ministers; when obliged to receive them she wore a thick veil. Queen Christine adores neither to that tradition nor to any other rules of that senseless etiquette which made Spain the laughing-stock among the Courts of Europe. She receives her Ministers as an ordinary gentlewoman would receive her visitors. She goes the even tenor of her way in all things, although very determined on certain questions. As a result, there have been Queens of Spain more beloved and more popular, even among those who were forced to abdicate; there has never been one more respected and more readily obeyed.

Five more years must elapse before Alfonso XIII. completes his sixteenth year. Will the truce be respected? Personally, I fancy it will, but for the possible agitation of Don Carlos, with whom I am, however, not concerned at present.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2813 received from Alan Margetts (Chatteris) and Charles Field, junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 2814 from H. S. Brandreth (Gibraltar), J. T. Blakemore (Edgbaston), and D. Newton (Lisbon); of No. 2815 from Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), T. G. (Ware), Bernard Reynolds, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), C. E. Perugini, J. T. Blakemore (Edgbaston), Rev. T. L. Stack (Lydd), T. Roberts, J. L. E. P. (Malvern Hydro), J. Lake Ralph (Purley), R. Worters (Canterbury), A. P. A. (Bath), C. E. M. (Ayr), E. G. Boys, Sorrento, and G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

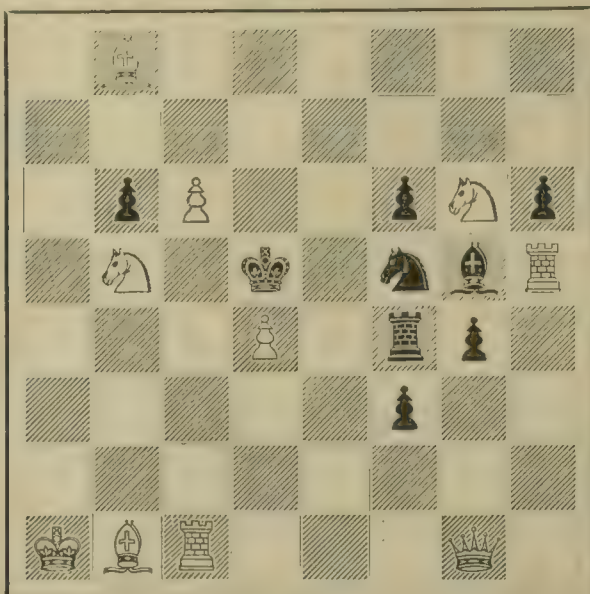
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2815 received from Sorrento, T. C. D. (Dublin), Captain Spencer, H. Le Jeune, T. Roberts, Alpha, Rev. T. L. Stack (Lydd), Henry Orme (Bristol), E. G. Boys, G. Hawkins (Camberwell), J. Bailey (Newark), Miss D. Gregson, T. H. Hamilton, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Edith Corser (Reigate), Fred Watkins (Eastbourne), and R. Worters (Canterbury).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2815.—By H. E. KIDSON.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 2nd. K takes Kt
2. R takes Kt (ch). B takes R, or K moves
3. Q to R 2nd. Mate.
If Black play 1. R takes R, 2. Kt takes B (ch); and if 1. B takes B, then 2. Kt to B 4th (ch), 2. R takes Kt, 3. Q to R 2nd. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2818.—By JEFF ALLEN (Calcutta).

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the match between Messrs. PILLSBURY and SHOWALTER. (Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	23. Q to Kt 5th	Q to K 5th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	Very finely played; with the threat of P to K 6th, etc., Black's game is now very difficult.	
3. B to Kt 5th	B to K 3rd	24. P to K 6th	P to B 3rd
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P	25. B takes B P	R takes B
5. Castles	B to K 2nd	26. P to K 7th	R to Q 2nd
6. Kt takes P	Castles	27. B to R 5th	
7. Q Kt to B 3rd	Q to R 3rd		
8. B to K 2nd			
It would be of no use to exchange at once, allowing Black to retake with Queen's Pawn and thus obtain an open game.			
9. Kt takes Kt	P to Q 3rd	28. R takes Q	Q takes P
The exchange now is good. Perhaps Black might usefully have played Kt to K 4th before P to Q 3rd.			
10. P to B 4th	P takes Kt	29. B to B 3rd	P to Kt 4th
11. P to K 5th	B to B 4th (ch)	30. P to K Kt 4th	B to K 6th
12. K to R sq	Kt to Q 2nd	31. Q to R 4th	P to R 3rd
There is no apparent objection to proceed by Kt to K 5th, as the exchange, which is almost forced, would give Black a strong passed Pawn and a good game.			
13. P to Q Kt 3rd	R to K sq	32. Q to Kt 3rd	P to Q 5th
14. B to Kt 2nd	B to R 2nd	33. Q to Kt 8th (ch)	K to R 2nd
15. Q to Q 2nd	R to K 3rd	34. Q to K 8th	Q R to K B 2nd
16. Kt to R 4th	R to R 3rd	35. K to Kt 2nd	P to B 4th
17. P to Kt 3rd	Q to K 2nd	36. B takes B	R takes B
18. Q R to K sq	Kt to Kt 3rd	37. Q to Q 5th	R to Q B 2nd
19. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	38. Q to K 5th	Q R to B 3rd
20. P to B 5th	B to Kt 2nd	39. P to K R 4th	P to B 5th
21. B to K B 3rd	R to Q sq	40. P to Kt 4th	Q R to Q 3rd
22. B to Q 4th	Q to Q 2nd	41. R to K R sq	K to Kt sq
		42. P to Kt 5th	Resigns.
		If Black play, P takes P, 43. P takes P, B takes P; 44. Q to K 8th (ch), R to B sq; 45. R to R 8th (ch), and wins both the Black Rooks.	

The match between Messrs. Pillsbury and Showalter ended, as was generally expected, in a victory for the former with the score of 7 to 3 games in his favour, and 2 draws. The loser did not make such a good fight as on the last occasion, and his play was of very unequal merit.

The annual match between the St. George's and City of London Chess Clubs was played on April 2 at St. James's Street, S.W. The teams were ten aside, and, as usual, there was a whip up of the talent of each club for the occasion, the City selection looking a very formidable lot. The home side, however, made a most plucky fight, and the conclusion of the play found the scores level with 4½ games to each. One game still remains for adjudication, which if given, as is possible, in favour of Mr. Hart Dyke, means a most creditable victory for St. George's.

The forty-fifth annual meeting of the City of London Chess Club was held last week, when Sir George Newnes was elected president, and Messrs. Gastineau, Kershaw, Mocatta, and Moriau vice-presidents. Mr. Walter Russell, the hon. secretary, reported that the Club had never been so prosperous in its history as at present. The Club has won every important match it has played during the preceding year.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have a treat in store for those of my readers who may chance to live in or near London, in the shape of information concerning a means of studying science direct from the face of nature, and of enjoying many a pleasant holiday to boot. My friend Professor H. G. Seeley, F.R.S., eminent as a geologist and palæontologist, established in 1886 the London Geological Field Class, in order to enable his students "to look Nature in the face." The object of the class was the utilisation of Saturdays in gaining a practical knowledge of the geology and physical geography of the London district, and to point out on the actual land surface the illustrations of the lessons given in the class. The duration of the excursions extends to Saturday afternoons between the end of April and middle of July in each year. Then, in the bright days—our geologists don't mind rain—the lessons of field and quarry and hillside and river are brought home to the minds of students of nature, and the work of the fingers on the hand of old Father Time in sculpturing and chiselling the earth's crust is illustrated to the full.

Professor Seeley's class is open to both sexes, and it is not necessary for enrolment that one should be a student at any of the geological courses in the Metropolis. Every lover of nature is invited to join the field class, and as the fee for the whole season amounts only to a guinea, it cannot be said that the cost of knowledge here is excessive. Besides, one may take four excursions for half a guinea if he (or she) is so minded. I learn that in 1898 the class proposes to examine the country lying between Aylesbury and Cuckfield, so as to draw a section over the hollow of the London basin and examine the strata north and south of London. In the course of these excursions a very typical series of rock-formations will be visited; and Professor Seeley, I know, will use the materials at his command to the best advantage. He is a colleague of mine in the Gilchrist Trust, and I speak from personal knowledge of his high reputation as a teacher and investigator. Any further particulars may be obtained from Mr. R. Herbert Bentley, 43, Gloucester Road, Brownswood Park, South Hornsey, London, N.

This plan of communicating information in the field with the objects of study at our feet is the most effective mode of impressing on the mind the great facts of nature, and of illustrating the operations of the natural laws which the facts reveal. This is why the Scottish geologists have always come to the front. My friends Sir Archibald Geikie and his brother, Professor James Geikie, instituted as an essential part of their teaching in the University of Edinburgh regular weekly excursions to the districts around, and at the end of the session a trip was organised to some more distant region, this excursion lasting a week or more. Professor John Young, of the University of Glasgow, practises the same practical teaching, and I remember well an enjoyable Saturday spent in the Kilbride district with my genial colleague of those days and a large class of students, all eager to see in the face of nature the foundations of the teaching of the class-room.

I have personally been struck in another branch of science than geology with the marked interest shown by even very young people, when you can bring them directly in contact with some of the wonders of scientific demonstration. Once upon a time, more years ago than I care to reckon up, I was walking in an old-fashioned garden—not the fashionable garden of modern times, but the real homely garden of long ago—with three or four children, who listened to my talk about insects and their work in fertilising flowers. The talk began in quite an accidental way, through one of the children watching a bee poking its nose into the flowers. Then I tried to teach the bairns what the insect was doing. We sat down in a recess cut in a dear old yew hedge, and I dissected flowers for them and taught them the flower-parts and tried to interest them in the story living nature is ever ready to teach children of all ages. Only the other day one of the children, now a tall young lady, asked me if I remembered the botany lesson in the garden?

This girl tells me she has never lost her interest in science, but delights to know all that is fresh and new in the world of research, and who will say she is not the happier and better for the knowledge? She has an interest in life whereof your society damsel knows nothing—the girl who is like to perish of *ennui* accordingly the first dull day on which she is left to her own resources. People, quoting the sages, often say in answer to the pessimistic philosophers who are always talking about this world being a wretched hole of a place to live in, and who are practically advising us to get quit of our tenancy at as early a date as may be, that it is the best of all possible worlds, and it is our duty to make the best of it in turn. This is very true; indeed, it is the only true philosophy of life and living in my humble judgment; but I would like to add that the people who can most readily enjoy the beauty of the universe are those who have been instructed in science. Not a deep learning or a full head of knowledge is needed to appreciate all the worth and wisdom of nature, but just as much as a boy or girl may imbibe at school at the hands of an earnest teacher—sufficient, in fact, to give the mind an inkling of the marvellous ways and works through which the inner life of the world is maintained.

"Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers," sings the poet. I am afraid even knowledge itself is a little tardy in certain matters relating to our personal interests. I was reading the other day a list of ailments of which certain pills are said to effect an "undoubted cure." Here is part of the little list—paralysis, locomotor ataxy, spinal disease, rheumatism, consumption and "decline," St. Vitus' dance, rickets (!), scrofula, and kidney diseases. Now does anybody, short of being a consummate fool, to speak plainly, believe that any pill can equally "cure" all (or any) of the serious constitutional troubles here enumerated? Or has the patent pill-maker discovered the "philosopher's stone" in medicine whereby his pills (at 2s. 9d. the box) should cure everything?

PERRYWINKLE MARKET.

One of the commonest features of every-day life sixty years ago, an institution lingering on to-day in a very half-hearted way, as though regretfully mindful of more picturesque if less bustling times, was the English market, a fast-growing anomaly in these days of "co-operative" stores, electric-light, plate-glass windows, the omnibus, and the ubiquitous bicycle. And one of the prettiest of our English market towns was Perrywinkle.

For what is the march of progress not responsible? It may be doubted whether the working-classes of sixty years ago were not a happier and a more contented, if a less-educated, people than they are to-day.

Progress, in giving us the "Co-operative Stores," the electric-light, the omnibus and the bicycle, has certainly eliminated the most picturesque aspect of that delightful institution—the open-air market. And in no place has the plastic hand of time left its mark more indelibly than in Perrywinkle—Perrywinkle, once a winsome little parish clustering modestly at the foot of the Mother Church, and made up largely of thatched-roofed houses, one or two of which still turn their aged, wrinkled faces wonderingly upon the market-place of to-day. At the time whereof I write with a tinge of regret, if for no other reason than because for some of us the unattainable is ever the desirable, and because as we grow older our tastes become correspondingly simpler, and we feel a filial yearning towards that great Earth-Mother whom too long we have neglected, ever faithful with her love as she is, ever ready to answer to our bitter cry, ever ready with her anodyne to assuage the

stalls of various kinds of architecture—some only composed of large market-baskets, cunningly supported underneath by odds and ends of furniture, old forms, old crates, and what not, and arched in from impending rains by huge umbrellas. Chrysanthemums are plentiful this morning—yellow and red and white and golden brown; great bunches of them laconically stuck in glass jars and stone pickle-jars. To the left of my window on the first floor of this quaint old inn where I am staying is a real old English gingerbread booth, such as used to delight my eyes in my childhood in the days of the good old fairs. The owner of this booth interests me, he is so intensely practical and energetic, so smart in the arrangement of his wares: first a border of green plants to enhance the beauty of—are those English violets? I can almost smell them in imagination here at my window. Now a row of chrysanthemums—great white, shaggy chrysanthemums in pots; it is a perfect autumn flower-garden; and now, at the other end of the stall, my busy man paints in his stock of fruits and vegetables: piles of celery, now a basket of Brussels sprouts; here potatoes, there cauliflowers, with apples, pears, grapes, walnuts galore, and a shining heap of golden oranges, which he carefully turns over, presenting the best side to view, wiping some upon his clean white apron. I have been out of bed an hour, and now the market-place is filling fast, every legitimate corner occupied by its rightful tenant *pro tem*. There, on the angle of the pavement, to my right, too poor to own, or too sure of the quality of his goods to need a stall, a market-gardener has arranged his little stock of wares on the clean wet asphalt. The market hall, too, has opened wide its

a kind of lounging-room and general rendezvous, where the illustrated papers may be seen, books exchanged, friends meet, or an idle half-hour whiled away in one or other of the windows. On a fine day the windows are thrown wide up for the benefit of subscribers. One meets with the most courteous attention at Simon's. Twelve o'clock. I am reminded that to-morrow is Sunday, and that I am in need of apples and nuts. I am as fond of nuts as a monkey, of apples as a schoolboy; so I saunter out across the road to the first stall. "Ribstone Pippins, Ma'am? I'm sorry to say there isn't one in the market to-day. Stay," plunging his hand into a basket underneath the stall, "it's the only one I have, and it's a beauty. . . On no, nothing to pay. You are quite welcome, Ma'am." I smile my grateful thanks and go back to my room with my Ribstone Pippin. I am too disappointed to think of nuts. Again I take my stand at the window. Omnibuses come and go—carriages full of the "quality" pass and repass. Yonder two young people, in the happy stage of love, have just alighted from their bicycles before a huge basket of violets. The happy young lover buys a big bunch of the sweet-smelling flowers, which the young girl gracefully attaches to the handle of her bicycle. A second and a smaller bunch goes into the breast of her coat. The lover pays. The young girl sweetly smiles: such is life. Then off they stroll, chatting, laughing, looking into each other's eyes, walking by the side of their respective wheels. Happy lovers! Meantime, the flower-girl pockets her money, and shrieks in a voice full of the fog—there is a slight fog to-day—"Sweet Vi-lets!" . . . The fog has got into my room, which has grown dark.

Rifleman in Ambush.

Batteries.

Rifleman in Ambush.



THE SOUDAN ADVANCE: COMMANDER THE HON. C. KEPPEL, D.S.O., ON HIS GUN-BOAT THE "ZAFFIR" RECONNOITRING OSMAN DIGNA'S POSITION AT SHENDY.

From a Sketch by our Artist in the Soudan.

pain, the anguish, with which we have escaped from the battlefields of life—at that time Perrywinkle had a lovely setting of open fields, of meadows untouched by the steam-plough, of health-giving commons, quiet shady lanes where, between the high hedgerows, Darby and Joan went courting hand in hand while Sabbath-bells were ringing and the birds sang overhead. Where to-day are those retired lanes? Where are Darby and Joan? Darby has taken to betting. Joan wears a plume of feathers in her dowdy hat. One can scarcely believe that in this modern Perrywinkle there are houses still existing just as they stood in the stirring times of Charles I.—houses wherein the soldiers of Essex and of Fairfax were alternately quartered. This morning I awoke with the dawn, and looking out at my window, discovered that it was market-day, for there, just below my window, rising all silent and empty and "dressed in earliest light," and guarded by a sleepy watch, were the skeletons of certain stalls and booths—obviously they had arisen by some infernal machinery from regions subterranean in the middle of the night. The pigeons, too, were all very wide awake and busy with their morning toilet. It had rained in the night, and in one or two deep depressions of the asphalt shallow pools had been left behind, in which these dainty creatures were taking their morning bath.

It was a cold morning, with a genial touch of frost in the air; just that healthful, cheery frost which goes so well with golden leaves and autumn skies and the scarlet on the breast of the robin. This touch of sharpness in the air appeared to give zest to the pigeons' ablutions, for they all seemed anxious to bathe, waiting politely for each other. I stood watching the scene; and soon the pavement immediately surrounding the market-hall, which stands in the centre of the market-place, was dotted with booths and

doors, and smart butchers in blue smocks, white aprons, with long steels dangling at their sides, are arranging their tables. What stacks of scarlet beef! and very good it looks, too; mutton seems to be plentiful; and surely that must be pork. I regret that I cannot eat pork; and off at a tangent flies an affectionate thought to my favourite bookshelf and my favourite author, Saint Charles. But my feet are cold, and whilst I have been curiously watching Perrywinkle washing her face and doing her hair, someone has been into my room to light my fire. It is very warm and cosy, and after I have sipped my tea and eaten my crisp toast I go back to my window. Nine o'clock. Look at that early and careful housewife yonder! Look at her stuffed basket! She is the wife of a working man, and not ashamed of her station; she has been able to spare a few pennies for flowers, which her chubby little son grasps tight in his hands. Now they mount, mother and son, to the roof of an omnibus and I lose sight of them. And now that that omnibus has rumbled off I get an uninterrupted view. That lady in deep mourning has just alighted from her brougham, and the old man who stands before his wares at the corner of the market-place greets her respectfully as an old customer. She points with a black forefinger now here, now there. The old man nods, making rapid mental calculation; for the lady promptly pays, though they have not been three minutes over the purchase. Then she walks rapidly away, wending her way through the stalls, carefully lifting her gown from the wet asphalt. She, too, disappears from view. I must not forget to mention that one of the places to be visited on market-day in this quaint old town is Simon's, the printer and bookseller. The library is on the first floor—a large room, with three windows commanding the market—

A fire makes a scarlet glow in the midst of the gloom, and here comes my tea-tray. . . . Five o'clock. The market still sounding; hark! there is that cry again, "Sweet Vi-lets!" I look out at my window; all the best people are gone home. The blinds at Simon's are drawn. And now the market is thronged. Everybody carries a basket, for to-night is Saturday and there is Sunday's dinner to be provided. Surely I have been asleep, for where stood one of the prettiest of the flower-stalls stands now an open cart, a vulgar coster's cart. In this cart, lighted by a torch, stands a man violently conducting over the heads of the lingering crowd—upon the faces of the crowd the flickering torch throws curious Rembrandt-like effects—a kind of second-rate outdoor auction of odds and ends of oilcloth. Next to this cart a superannuated individual with a cold is chaffering cheap braces. The crowd seems little inclined for bargains in oilcloth to-night, but the seller of cheap braces is doing brisk trade, so brisk indeed that his rival indulges in "language" while the torches flicker and flare in the damp fog. Again that raucous cry, "Sweet Vi-lets!" I look down into the girl's big basket; it is almost empty. What has she made to-day by vending "Sweet Vi-lets," I wonder? And now it is eleven o'clock, and the market hall is closing its doors. A big, burly guardian of the police appears on the scene, a good-humouredly tolerant and looking like a policeman in a Christmas pantomime. My smart man and his merry men are packing away what is left of their wares—a goodly supply yet to be sold—when and where? All sensible, respectable householders are gone home plus the Sunday's dinner, minus so much wages. Perrywinkle market-place is held by a few loafers: these, too, slowly dwindle down to the last man. The clock strikes twelve. Perrywinkle market is over.



ROUNDING UP WOLVES IN TEXAS.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.



A STOLEN GLANCE.

Drawn by A. Forestier.

THE RETURN OF THE MASTER.

A man of middle height, with an old-fashioned goatee beard and a perplexed, wondering air. He attracted less attention in the Chantry Room by reason of the fact that most of the visitors were young couples absorbed in the study of each other. He looked at these young pairs with twinkling eyes, and nodded approvingly.

"No change there!" he said with a sigh of relief.

He went into the Forster Room and looked with interest at his own portrait on the walls. One of the engaged couples came up and looked over his shoulder.

"Who's he seeposed to be, George?" asked the lady carelessly.

"Chap o' the name of Dickens," replied George, with the readiness of one for whom the world has no secrets. "Charles Dickens."

"I've eard the name," said the young woman. "What was he celebrated for?"

"Writing chap," said George.

"Ever read any of his works?" asked the lady

hurried into a court and tried to think. Two matronly women were bragging of their children: the eldest boy of one was doing something heroic in the Sixth Standard at the Board School; the other, a pale woman, had a boy who was being looked after by the Poor Law Guardians, and, the mother declared, was as healthy as healthy, and about to go to Kneller Hall. "You'd never believe he was a son o' mine," said the white-faced woman.

"I wonder," said the Master, "I wonder now whether I helped in that!" An idea occurred to him. "Drury Lane!"

He knew the way quite well. Past the Garrick Club and along the south side of Covent Garden, and eventually into Drury Lane.

"Now," he said, "I shall be reminded of the old days. Where is the yard in which Jo——?"

It seemed that Drury Lane had, in a sense, been to a dentist to have itself put right, and that the dentist had advised Drury Lane to have them all out on one side and to buy a new set, for there were huge gaps where buildings had been pulled down, gaps hidden by joyful hoardings.

"Not hurt, I thank you," he replied, panting; "but somewhat startled. London is in a greater hurry than it was in my day."

"We all have to push," said the other young fellow, "nowadays. Can we give you any further assistance, Sir?"

"Gentlemen," he said courteously, "I cannot trespass on your goodness."

"You look tired," said the first youth.

"I am tired."

"Come into our club and rest for a bit. We are literary men—or think we are—and there will be some others there."

It was half-past eleven now. They escorted him to their club, and took him up the broad staircase into the smoking-room. The room was filled with the scent of cigars and the sound of voices, and everyone seemed to be talking about books. The Master, comfortable in an armchair near the fire, listened anxiously. The members were all youngish men—men who were probably in their bassinets at the time that his spirit flew away from Gad's Hill and from



THE BEST OF FRIENDS.—BY LILIAN CHEVLOT.

persistently. The man with the old-fashioned beard put his hand to his ear.

"Know some of the titles of 'em," answered George evasively.

At the glass-covered cases was something more flattering. There, spelling out the blue-inked manuscript of "Dombey and Son," and reading with greater ease the bolder handwriting of "Oliver Twist," a party of Americans talked excitedly. In their enthusiasm they desired to buy the books; they summoned a thoughtful policeman and asked him how many thousand dollars his people would require for one of them, anyway. The thoughtful policeman shook his head slowly and said, with respect, that the country would have to be precious hard up before it parted with one of them. This only increased the American's admiration.

"They've forgiven me for 'Martin Chuzzlewit,'" said the Master to himself. "I'm glad."

He went out of the Museum presently into Brompton Road, and stepped into a bus that carried him to Piccadilly Circus. He seemed dazed at the white glow of light that met him there; at the high buildings bordering the triangular space.

"This is not much like London," he said. "Not like my London."

Leicester Square gave him more astonishment, and he

The old graveyard had become a clean, neat, asphalted playground for children.

"Changes!" he said, with only a touch of sadness, for he was not really sorry. "Changes!"

He waited and listened, as had always been his manner, to the talk of the people. It was some time before he could understand them, for they were talking the new Cockney language, and when he asked civilly what county they were from, they counselled him to go home and fry his face. The advice might have been well intentioned, but it was not, in view of all the circumstances, practical, and he strolled up to Holborn and across to Bloomsbury. Except that this district wore an accentuated lodging-house air, there was little of change. A book-shop, with a volume entitled "The Moral Lesson of Pickwick. By One who Knew Dickens," drove him from Bloomsbury.

Back at Oxford Circus, the swift rush of traffic; the winking, startling advertisements that appeared and disappeared; the horseless cabs—all these things confused and wearied him, and he began to wish for midnight. He tried to find Soho and could only discover Shaftesbury Avenue. Crossing the road, he would have been hurt by a dashing, spluttering fire-engine, had not two young men in evening-dress caught him neatly and bowled him on to the pavement.

"Not hurt, Sir, I hope," said one.

this earth. His two hosts left him with an excuse to join the heated debate. Current reputations formed the subject of the conference, and, in order to save time, everybody spoke at once. Many were talking about themselves.

"They've forgotten me!" said the Master regretfully.

Indeed, this did at first appear to be the case. Presently, however, he caught his name, and he half-rose in the chair. No infant author waiting for his first notice could have been more nervous than he was at that moment.

"Well," a loud-voiced man at the fireplace had said in speaking of a modern writer, "I've heard him referred to as a modern Dickens."

For a moment there was a hush, but only for a moment. Then there rained down upon the loud-voiced man a swift deafening torrent of genuine reproof. Eagerly the Master listened. How dared anyone (the young members said excitedly) compare the man with Dickens? There was no one nowadays high enough or broad enough or strong enough to justify comparison with him. Dickens stood alone! Dickens always would stand alone! Dickens was the master of them all!

"Gentlemen!" cried one of the young men earnestly, "I give you 'Charles Dickens'! God bless his memory and keep it always green!"

The clock struck twelve. A happy-faced old-fashioned man stole quietly out of the room.



1. The Pectoral Cross of St. Cuthbert.

2. Crozier Head and Ferule of Bishop Ranulf Flambard, 1099-1123, found on the Site of the Chapter House in 1874.

3. Ring of St. Cuthbert's Coffin.

4. Relics of the Vestments and Coffin of St. Cuthbert, taken from his Tomb in 1827.

5. The Sanctuary Knocker on the Cathedral Door.

6. Neville's Cross, a Mile west of the City, marking the Field of the Scotch Defeat in 1346.

7. A Glimpse of the Cathedral.

8. St. Cuthbert's Shrine in the Cathedral.

9. The "Dun Cow."

10. Courtyard of the Castle.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

An old superstition tells us that luck attends the wearer of new clothes on Easter Sunday, and in ancient days the maid or matron who could not afford herself hood or wimple all complete, made the best of her opportunity with a newly purchased cambric kerchief for her neck or ribbon snood from the mercer's with which to bind



A MODISH GOWN OF PEARL-GREY CLOTH.

her waving tresses. As much of the world as remained in town last Sunday certainly subscribed to the classic saw, though probably without knowing anything about it. And in the matter of gaudily floral millinery or greatly betrimmed new frocks, Easter saw us well represented as to newest chiffons.

Lent being once more past, and ball-gowns in the evening bill, moreover, all the dressmakers are constrained to excessive industry; and, what with fresh *débutantes* in greatly increased numbers to introduce, and elder daughters with another season's possibilities to negotiate, there is a busy time in preparation for the mammas with ambitions and the young men with undeveloped proclivities. Alluding to the business strictly in hand, I find the most ravishing spectacles prepared by one dressmaker after another for the approval and beatification of the purchasing fair. Ornamentation is crowded on in ever-increasing quantity to mantle, gown, and bonnet, while ball and dinner dresses, which one would have supposed had reached the apex of enrichment a month ago, are still developing the most untamable extravagance. Judging from the prices asked for many of these highly embellished effects, the position of husband and father will be an onerous if not an anxious or an aggrieved one this season. It is simply impossible that allowances which reached and comfortably covered the outlay of less efflorescent summers can be made to do their whole duty in this. Every article of dress is more ornate and, necessarily, more expensive, than in years when skirts and bodices were severely simple and flounces, lace, and elaborate embroideries were not. So, having furnished my readers with unanswerable arguments and dispensed condolences to the purse-bearers, I will particularise a few numbers which indicate the last movements and possible later course of Modern Fashion.

Cloth costumes for outdoor wear have reached a stage of flounces and frivolity when tailor-made, as we understand the term, no more describes them. The best models have a wide flounce from the knee, and at back of skirt no pleats are visible, all fullness being concealed under the two folds which meet but do not overlap in the middle. To vary this almost inevitable treatment a few modistes start the full-joined flounce from both sides of a plain apron in front, thus obtaining besides a less "floppy" effect. Short-basqued coats are worn with these skirts, showing lace and silk or satin fronts of extreme elaboration. I have seen some of these vests priced as highly as seven, eight, and nine guineas; but of course a deft-handed maid can evolve copies of one smart front in other colours for as many shillings, as her mistress paid pounds, and the ordinary pretty corsage-front of shot-frilled taffetas or sequin-sprinkled tulle need by no means attain such Kaffir-Circus prices. A violet velvet cloth dress, with "stitchings" of white or mauve to mark the line of apron and close-fitting short jacket, is being made for a well-dressed young Duchess. Its lapels, faced with shot blue and moiré

velvet, open from a white lace front exquisitely dainty. Two small crenelated collars of mauve and blue taffetas carry a big bow of embroidered chiffon at neck. The sleeves set in round pleats are trimmed with velvet lace and silk at wrists. A charming dress of black cloth, made for the German Empress by a crack Viennese tailor, has a white-satin waistcoat ornamented with narrow tartan ribbons, gathered on and veiled with cascades of real lace. Her Majesty can wear this and feel quite appropriately invested if she comes to Abergeldie in the summer.

Drab cloth still holds the public mind in Paris—or that part of it which dwells in well-frocked figures; and a beautifully dressed *inconnue* at Niagara on Saturday wore a costume of this colour, each side of apron showing three rolled seams of the cloth, over which were others of pansy purple satin. A short jacket similarly treated opened over a vest of mauve and white checked silk. The dress was lined with mauve silk. A hat of Neapolitan velvet violets and velvet foliage carried out its attractiveness. Another striking frock was white cloth, completely cross-barred with narrow black satin ribbons, which looked as if they had been woven into the material until one got quite close. Evening frocks, which make for still more flouncing, still more embroidery, still more elaboration, are now generally accompanied by a coiffure *très ondulée*, which carries two or three full-blown roses worn quite flat, and in front or well forward on one side. At Prince's on Monday night most of the best-dressed women dining wore, not a wreath, like the lady of the ballad, but a cluster of roses in the hair, which, waved well over the ears, suggests, in common with the rest of our present costume, a distinct harking back to the methods of sixty years ago.

All will admire, and many will, I trust, imitate, for their own well-being, this trim and tidy costume of covert-coating, which in lavender blue or Lincoln green, or the pretty colour of present French affections, looks exceedingly well as a travelling outfit; while the braided pearl-grey cloth of this other model serves the double event of indoor or street gown equally well. A narrow vest and collar of tucked muslin adds inexpressibly to its tasteful outline. A little hat of grey straw, with seagull wings and posies of evening primrose in pink-rimmed white velvet, completes all acceptably.

Turning to mere matters of the household, there is just now such an epidemic of "nerves" among the once phlegmatic British public, and doctors have their hands so full of "hipped" and hysterical patients, that a crusade has been started against all promoting causes, chief of which is supposed to be our cheerful cup of tea. Wine and worry, and other wilful ways, such as late hours, are mentioned; but tea is supposed to be a chief offender, and is being "warned off the course" in many houses. To replace it we are advised the invaluable Vi-Cocoa of Dr. Tibbles, which as the embodiment of everything nutritious—while successfully combating in its use the nervous exhaustion and enfeebled digestions from which the world at large seems to suffer in this generation—deserves certainly all the praise that can be given it. Caracas cocoa, malt kola, and hops form the first principles of this later-day elixir—a combination of friendly elements which, if only given the chance, ought surely to patch up the most broken-down nervous system.

Another friend in need which should undoubtedly be pressed into the service of our breakfast-tables is the Hovis Bread, which, invented by a certain scientific Mr. Smith, has really brought us to the millennium of bread-making. The artificially whitened and adulterated wheat in the staff of life, to which our fashionably disposed baker commits us, has less than little of its originally wholesome properties left. To eat bread at its best and most perfect is only achieved by a diet of Hovis, which, now deservedly popular, will soon—if it obtains its deserts—remain our only form in food farinaceous. It is exceedingly palatable, and above all things wholesome. SYBIL.

NOTES.

We are all sorry, whatever our opinions of Mr. Gladstone's political career, to think that he has to wear out the last days of so long a life by means of the most painful of diseases. The sympathies of all good women will go forth to Mrs. Gladstone, who has been the most devoted of wives, in the trial of now seeing her husband's suffering. Mrs. Gladstone cultivated the art of listening to her husband to a perfection that I never saw equalled! When he spoke, her absolute attention was always at his command—in fact, I do not believe anybody ever *was* so absorbed as Mrs. Gladstone looked. I suspect that she had learned how to wear that absolutely listening air while her mind followed its own track! But it was a decided help to him, for it secured, at table and elsewhere, a general silence when he wished to deliver his opinions, without any appearance that he personally was demanding it. Mrs. Gladstone's own little speeches to the women Liberals, too, were always on one topic: what her husband thought, or how he was feeling. In short, for the old ideal of wifehood, Mrs. Gladstone was a perfect model, and one wishes she might have been spared this trial.

In connection with the Prisons Bill, it is suggested that lady visitors to men in prison should be sanctioned. The influence of genial, tender-natured, and interested middle-aged women over young men has been frequently shown: in our own day by Miss Robinson and Mrs. Vicars with the soldiers, Miss Weston with the men of the Navy, Miss Marsh with navvies and others. At present the lady prison visitors are confined to the women's side, and it is quite possible that their attendance would be far more beneficial and influential on the other side.

Prisoners have been the subjects of many harsh experiments, and if it be true that their present diet both leaves a constant hungry craving and upsets their health in special ways, that would be but a continuation of past excesses of punitive power. That prisons should be unpleasant places

is right, but that they should be the seats of slow murder or even cruel torture is out of the limits of society's rights over the criminal. An important point in dietetics, however, was once settled by experiments on prisoners, which our vegetarian friends may care to hear about. Peas are, according to analysis, extremely nourishing. So it was decided to make that feature of nourishment—the nitrogenous element—in prison diet, consist largely of split peas in soup and peas-pudding. The loss of weight and strength and the ill-health of the prisoners soon forced itself on notice, and it was ultimately found out that only a very limited portion of nourishment in that concentrated form can be taken up by the system. The prisoners' diet was changed—let the vegetarian mother take care not to starve her innocent children by too much similar theoretical nourishment that cannot be absorbed.

Mlle. Chauvin, the French lady barrister, is to get her case brought before the Senate, the Bar having refused to admit her to plead, though she has taken the degree and fulfilled the formalities required from men for admission. Her application to the Senate is supported so influentially that she expects to win. In Belgium there is a lady barrister, however, who took all degrees and performed all formalities ten years ago, and she has steadily been refused the right to plead in court by all the authorities to whom she has applied. Here the barrier is kept up from the beginning—neither the solicitors nor the Bar will allow any ladies to commence the course that would lead at last to a claim to be admitted to the practice of the law.

In America, even in the Supreme Court of the United States, women are allowed to appear in cases when they are chosen by their clients. In the mining State of Montana, the Assistant Attorney-General is a lady. She "ran" for Attorney-General (for the post is there elective) and was defeated, but the gentleman who outvoted her was gallant enough first to appoint her his assistant in office and afterwards to make her an offer of marriage, which she accepted, and the two practised together. It is in India, however, that the lady lawyer will have her great opportunity, for exactly the same reason that the lady doctor has a wide field in that land—because the zenana-confined ladies may not consult men, and it is obvious that it is desirable for client and legal adviser, as for doctor and patient, to have personal interviews. Hence no obstacle has been placed in the way of the first lady lawyer, Miss Cornelia Sorabji, who has practised in a British court at Poona since 1896 with success. In Canada and New Zealand, also, there are admitted lady barristers.

Much, indeed disproportionate, interest is being expressed in America over the resolution of a young lady who was officially appointed to christen a great new man-o'-war to do so with water. The temperance women are charmed at their young adherent's firmness, but sailors are superstitious, and are convinced that the proceeding will bring bad luck. So a huge crowd of men attended



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the ceremony, each bearing a bottle of wine or whisky, to fling against the vessel's bows before they touched the water.

Inflammable combs for the hair are a real source of danger. A young lady has been severely burnt about the head by a comb igniting as she bent her head down before the fire to read by its light. Real tortoiseshell is expensive, and you may be pretty sure that if you have a nice-looking carved comb for which you gave less than a sovereign, it is imitation, and dangerous. F. F.-M.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 10, 1890), with seven codicils (dated Sept. 14, 1891, June 6 and Dec. 8, 1892, March 16, Oct. 5, and Nov. 3, 1894, and June 19, 1896), of Mr. John Dawson, of Northbrooke Park, Exeter, who died on Feb. 14, was proved on March 25 by Walter Percy Sladen, the nephew, and Sebastian Cosens Snow, the surviving executors, the value of the estate amounting to £370,432, and the net personal estate to £354,674. The testator bequeaths all his shares in the Low Moor Company to his nephews and niece, Matthew Smith Dawson, Arthur Dean Dawson, John Sharp Dawson, James Lofthouse Dawson, François Dumesnil Dawson, and Josephine Easton; and legacies to his executor, Mr. Snow, indoor and outdoor servants, and others. The Northbrooke Park estate, and the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves to his nephew, Walter Percy Sladen. Many and considerable legacies to charitable institutions, relatives, and others, given by the will, are revoked by the codicils, the testator in most cases having made other provision for the legatees in his lifetime.

The will (dated May 12, 1895), with a codicil (dated Aug. 6, 1895), of the Hon. William Gisborne, for many years one of the most prominent and respected of New Zealand public men, of Allestree Hall, near Derby and Lingen, near Presteigne, Hereford, who died on Jan. 7, was proved on March 29 by Lionel Guy Gisborne, the son, Harry Woodward, and Edward Roseberry Anson, the executors, the gross value of the estate amounting to £203,997 18s. 10d., and the net personal, £97,793 18s. 3d. The testator gives £1000, his furniture, household and domestic effects, and the use for life of his estate at Lingen to his wife, Mrs. Caroline Gertrude Gisborne, and her income is to be made up to £1000 per annum; £200 each to his daughters, Mary Gertrude Anson and Edith Clara Wright; £17,000 each, upon trust, for his said two daughters, Mrs. Anson and Mrs. Wright; £500 to his daughter, Mrs. Alice Brittan, as a mark of his affection, she having already been well provided for; and £10,000 to his son Lionel Guy. Allestree Hall and all other his real estate he settles on his son for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male. The residue of his property, including that abroad, he leaves, upon trust, for his son.

The will (dated Dec. 17, 1890), with a codicil (dated June 29, 1892), of Lady Harriet Leslie Melville, of Woodleigh, Southborough, Kent, who died on Feb. 10, was proved on March 28 by Robert Williams, John Francis William Deacon, and William Golden, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £124,102. The testatrix gives £2000 each to her sisters, Ladies Sophia and Florence Leslie Melville; £300 to her brother, the Hon. Norman Leslie Melville; £200 to her niece, Kathleen Leslie Melville; £25 to Lady Florence Leslie Melville's Orphanage (Rochampton); £100 to the Vicar of Southborough for the benefit of the parish, and £50 to be used at his discretion for Rosebank; £25 each to the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Rochester's Funds; £25 to

the Hospital for Incurables (Putney); £50 each to her executors; and many specific gifts to relatives and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her sister Lady Emily Maria Williams, for life, and then between her nieces, Mary Frances Sophia Williams, and Fanny Louisa Williams. The testatrix expresses the desire that her sister and, at her death, her two nieces will pay £100 per annum to the Church Missionary Society.

The will (dated Jan. 26, 1887), with three codicils (dated Jan. 29, 1889, and July 23 and Aug. 8, 1896), of Colonel Frederick St. John Newdegate Barne, J.P., of Sotterley Hall, Wangford, Suffolk, M.P. for East Suffolk 1876-85, who died on Jan. 25, was proved on March 29 by Lady Constance Adelaide Barne, the widow, and the Hon. Francis Charles Bridgeman, the executors, the gross value of the estate being £101,599 and the net personal £93,558. The testator gives £1000 to his wife; £10,000 each to his sons Michael and Seymour; £6000 each to his daughters Emily Mary and Winifred Edith; and £100 to the Hon. Francis Charles Bridgeman. Certain articles of jewellery are to go as heirlooms and follow the trusts of the Sotterley settled estates. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son Miles Barne.

The will (dated Aug. 28, 1894) of Sir William Henry Wyatt, D.L., J.P., of 88, Regent's Park Road, who died on Jan. 6, was proved on March 30 by Miss Alice Maria Kemp Wyatt, the daughter, William Thomas Wyatt, the son, Herbert Wyatt Harrison, the nephew, and Harry Weller Richards, the executors, the gross value of the estate being £91,473 and the net personal £88,927. The testator bequeaths £7300, upon trust, for his son William Thomas Wyatt; £3300 each, upon trust, for his seven daughters—Alice Maria Kemp Wyatt, Isabel Mary Wyatt, Mrs. Ethel M. Oliver, Emily Elizabeth Wyatt, Mildred Edith Wyatt, Mrs. Amy Clara Faithorn, and Constance Wyatt; £100 and an annuity of £20 to his daughter, Alice Maria; £200 to his daughter-in-law, Edith Annie Wyatt; £300 to his nephew, Herbert Wyatt Harrison; £300 to Caroline P. Constant; and legacies to executors and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one sixth, upon trust, for his son, and five sixths, upon trust, for such of his daughters as shall be residing with him at the time of his death, and shall elect to live together, and ultimately to the survivor of them.

The will (dated Oct. 16, 1897) of the Hon. Sir Robert Meade, G.C.B., of Englemere, Berks, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, who died on Jan. 8, was proved on March 31 by the Right Hon. John Robert William, Viscount de Vesci and William Henry Grenfell, the executors, the value of the estate being £53,825, and the net personal £39,684. The testator gives £5000 each to Edith Catherine Pleydell-Bouverie and Mabel Louisa Meysey-Thompson; £200 each to his executors; annuities to the governess and attendant of his late daughter; and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his son, Charles Francis, on his attaining twenty-five or marrying. Should there be

a failure of this trust, then one quarter thereof is to go to his sister, Lady Selina Hervey; one quarter to his brother, the Hon. and Rev. Sidney Meade; and the remaining two quarters to his brother, the Earl of Clanwilliam.

The will (dated Aug. 30, 1896) of Sir Joseph Terry, J.P., Lord Mayor of York 1874-75 and 1885 to 1887, of Hawthorne Villa, York, who died on Jan. 12, has been proved at the York District Registry by Dame Margaret Terry, the widow, Thomas Walker Leaper Terry, the son, and Mrs. Frances Harriet Wright, the daughter, the executors, the gross value of the estate being £38,959. The testator gives 400 shares of Joseph Terry and Sons to his son Samuel Savile Terry; 100 of such shares to his grandson Joseph; 50 shares each to his grandchildren, Frances, Neville, Noel, and Betsy; £500, his household furniture and effects, and the use and enjoyment for life of his real estate at Dringhouses, to his wife; £200 for distribution among his employes, and a few small legacies. The remainder of his shares in Terry and Sons are to be held, upon trust, for his wife during her life, and at her decease divided between all his children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his children, Mrs. Frances Harriet Wright, Mrs. Ada Maria Sykes, Josephine Margaret Terry, and Francis William Terry.

The will (dated Dec. 11, 1889) of Mr. Marcus Brown-Westhead, of Lea Castle, Kidderminster, Worcester, who died on Nov. 13, was proved on March 29 by George Montague Brown-Westhead, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £36,870. The testator bequeaths £10,000, upon trust, for his daughter Frances Dora Adela, and such a sum per annum, during widowhood, as with the income of the funds of her marriage settlement will make up £600 a year, to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son.

The will (dated July 6, 1894) of Mrs. Alicia Jane Townshend, of 26, Hyde Park Gate, widow of Captain Townshend, of Wincham Hall, Cheshire, who died on Feb. 14, was proved on March 19 by Edward Lee Townshend, the son and sole executor, the value of the estate being £18,408. The testatrix gives part of her household furniture and effects and £13,750, upon trust, for her daughter Lilian Lee Townshend; £200 to Ellen Yond; £150 to Helen Irwin; and £100 to Fanny Fowler. The residue of her property she leaves to her son.

The will and codicil (both dated Feb. 9, 1898) of Mr. Thomas Walker, of 53, Addison Road, Kensington, formerly editor of the *Daily News* and the *London Gazette*, who died on Feb. 16, were proved on March 25 by Henry Walker, the brother and sole executor, the gross value of the estate being £14,796, and the net personal £7836. He gives two houses at Northampton to Kate Hitchcock; his shares in the House Property and Investment Company and £100 to Alice Knight; £100 each to Mary Ada Spicer and Annie Knight, and other bequests. Two annuities of £100 and £50 on the life of his daughter, and one hundred Northampton Corporation Water Debentures of £25 each he leaves upon sundry trusts for his daughter, Mary Jane Walker, for life, and at her death the surplus is to be divided

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between Alice Knight, Kate Hitchcock, and Mary Ada Spicer. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother.

The will, with a codicil, of Mr. John Henderson, J.P., of Eastlands, Walmer, Kent, who died on Jan. 19, was proved on March 28 by Captain Reginald Friend Hannam Henderson, R.N., and Commander John Hannam Henderson, R.N., the sons, two of the executors, the gross value of the estate being £6018.

The will and codicil of Mr. Francis Anderson, M.D., of 25, Lansdowne Crescent, Notting Hill, late Inspector-General of Hospitals, Bengal, who died on Feb. 10, were proved on March 22 by Frank Herbert Anderson, the son, and Miss Alice Margaret Anderson, the daughter, the executors, the value of the estate being £6825.

The will of the Right Rev. Robert Claudius Billing, Bishop of Bedford, of The Firs, Englefield Green, who died on Feb. 21, was proved on April 1 by Mrs. Harriet Fowler Billing, the universal legatee, the value of the estate being £1148.

The Colonial Government of Natal has offered, as a gift to the Imperial Government, twelve thousand tons of coal, annually, from the Natal collieries, for the use of ships of the Queen's Navy calling at Durban. Mr. Chamberlain has replied, for her Majesty's Government, accepting this handsome offer.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"JULIA," AT THE ROYALTY.

Mr. Arthur Sturges has done too much for Miss Louie Freear. If he had been content to make a much looser structure of "Julia" (as the triple authors of "Oh Susannah!" did), he might have given Miss Freear the chance of becoming his real collaborator. As it is, she does not get the same opportunity as in the former piece, and consequently "Julia" is dull. Miss Freear appears as Julia, the daughter of the down-at-heel aristocrat, Alexander Minniver. In the course of the play she figures as her twin brother Tom, and that in two capacities—as a schoolboy and as a boy in buttons—so that she is really three persons rolled into one. There are bright and even touching moments in the piece, but as a whole it is disappointing. Miss Furtado Clarke and Mr. Robb Harwood are Miss Freear's ablest colleagues.

"THE HEART OF MARYLAND," AT THE ADELPHI.

If we had never seen "Held by the Enemy" and "Secret Service," Mr. David Belasco's play, "The Heart of Maryland," would have passed muster in point of its novel picturesqueness. But it seems a confused jangle of opposing national interests—the American War—with one striking incident, "where the heroine swings on a bell-clapper in order that the curfew shall not ring to-night." Mr. Gillette's plays are marked by a strong human interest, indicated with a reticence that is rare in melodrama.

"The Heart of Maryland," on the contrary, is wordy, ntricate, and indifferently acted. Mr. Belasco has too many strings to his bow—a Southern General with a son in the Northern ranks; a spy who is now for the North and now for the South; a heroine who indicts her Northern lover so as to clear the good name of her Southern brother who is really a Northern spy. In short, the disentanglement of the story offers too much trouble to an Adelphi audience; and the great bell sensation does not compensate for three other acts of dullness. Mr. Maurice Barrymore plays the hero without much conviction. Mrs. Leslie Carter is impressive in a rather stagey way. There are only four ladies in a cast of nine-and-twenty.

"JACK SHEPPARD," AT THE PAVILION.

Mr. Joseph Hatton's dramatisation of "Jack Sheppard" at the Pavilion is an interesting experiment in the staging of popular fable. The production is notable in point of the mounting, which is very elaborate, and of the players. The play itself is somewhat tame. It lacks the dash of melodrama pure and simple; and the grim simplicity of its inherent humour, in which Mr. Hatton has largely followed Hogarth, is not fully appreciated by an East End audience. Mr. Weedon Grossmith is very quaint as the jaunty Jack—a welcome relief to the ordinary melodramatic conception; Mr. Charles Groves' breadth fills out a speaking portrait of Blueskin; and Mr. Julian Cross presents Jonathan Wild in all his double-dyed villainy. Miss St. Lawrence is frankly melodramatic as Edgeworth Bess, and gains thereby.

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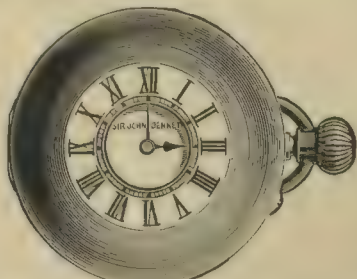
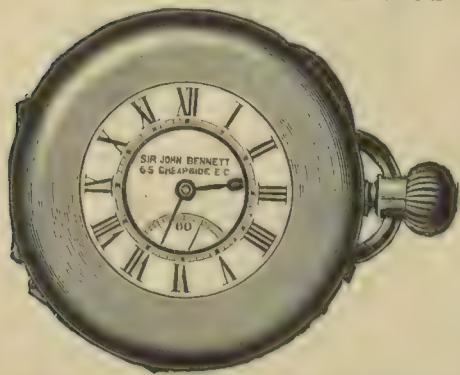
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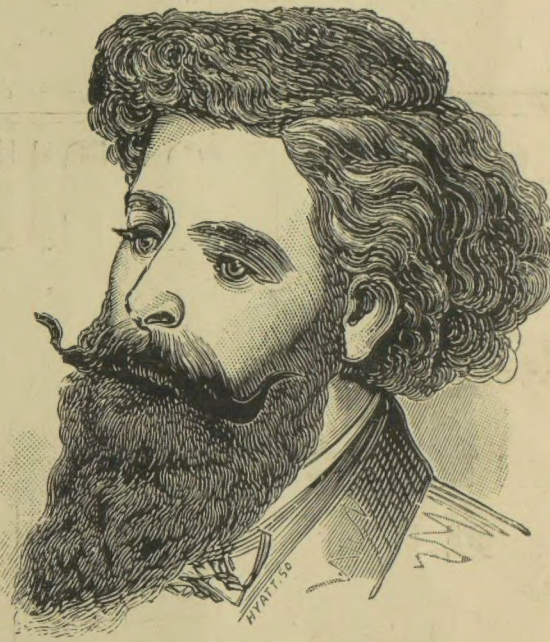
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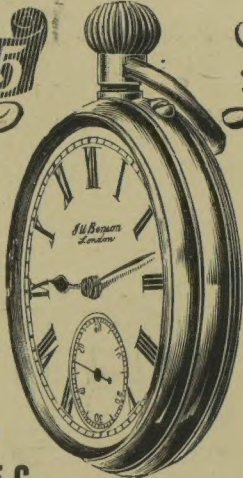
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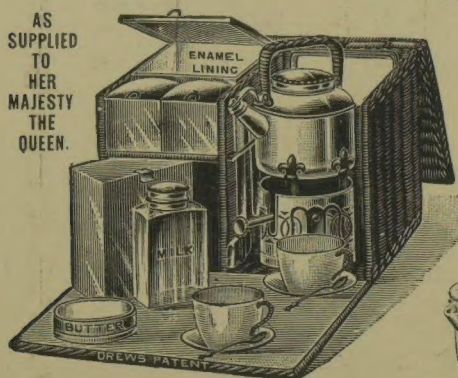
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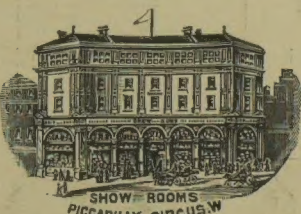
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MUSIC.

Herr Rosenthal has been continuing his exceedingly successful pianoforte recitals under the direction of Mr. N. Vert; and on the Monday of last week he attracted once more a large audience to St. James's Hall, where he again displayed his extraordinary talents as a virtuoso no less than as a fine musician. On this occasion, however, he had not in store for us so exquisite a surprise as in his preceding recital, when his interpretation of Schumann's "Carnaval" was marked by so brilliantly dramatic an appreciation. He played, among other things, Brahms's Variations on a Theme by Paganini, for which he has received much praise and some blame. For our part, we think he deserves all praise; any blame that there may be in the matter should in justice be given to the composer. It is one of the works that one is astonished to think that Brahms ever thought worthy of a serious pen; it is neither very intelligible nor very beautiful, and we cannot conscientiously determine whether Rosenthal discovered its meaning or not. One critic has compared this music to the vagaries of a sleep-walker who often does amazing things and often comes to sad grief; at all events, in his playing of it the pianist seemed to be in hesitancy and doubt as to the best way, and he is amply excused by his subject. In his interpretation of other works he fully deserved all the enthusiastic applause he received.

When, on the Tuesday of last week, Middleton and Rowley's play, "The Spanish Gipsy," was revived by the Elizabethan Stage Society, the music was "restored," in

the architecturally technical sense of the word, by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, who is probably the greatest living authority, in England at all events, upon the style and manner of old English music. As a matter of fact, the music of the play has entirely been lost, and Mr. Dolmetsch used a gipsy dance tune by William Byrd, which dates about 1600, for one of the incidental pieces. The rest, relying upon his knowledge of the older style, Mr. Dolmetsch supplied from his own pen. He was amply justified. For he wore the musical raiment of three hundred years ago as to the manner born. He himself accompanied on an old Venetian lute, dating from 1560, a mock-sentimental ballad, which occurs in the second act, "O, that I were a bee"; it was a complete success, and was full of that incisive yet delicate humour which in the music of that period was so greatly different from the robust and vulgar humour of most of the literature of the time. In the telling of the fortunes, again, the swift and brief but full flights of emotion struck us as being most cleverly contemporary with the play itself. Of course the music was accompanied upon the lovely old instruments of the period; and one cannot give Mr. Dolmetsch higher praise than to say that his music was worthy of the various mediums for which it was composed.

On Good Friday the Sacred Concert was, as usual, the order of the day. In the afternoon St. James's Hall was largely patronised by an audience gathered to hear some of the most popular singers in England of to-day—the list including such names as Miss Clara Butt, Madame

Alice Gomez, Mrs. Hutchinson, Madame Bertha Rosson, Mr. Andrew Black, and Mr. Ben Davies. The concert was under the general direction of Mr. N. Vert. It consisted entirely of sacred songs, and for the most part the selections were very judiciously made.

On the same afternoon, under the direction of Mr. Henry Wood, the Queen's Hall Choral Society gave an interpretation of Gounod's "Redemption," the soloists being Miss Helen Jaxon, Miss Alice Toothill, Miss Ada Crossley, Mr. Herbert Grover, Mr. Louis Frolich, and Mr. Orme Darvall. It is odd to think that "The Redemption," despite its pretentiousness and its excessive dullness, still retains a hold upon popularity; but if that popularity was ever to be justified, Mr. Wood by his Good Friday performance would have done it, for it was marked by excessive care, by great spirit, and by fine intelligence. Miss Ada Crossley sang extremely well, and Mr. Darvall was very dramatic as bass narrator. The choruses, as is usual with this society, were admirably sung.

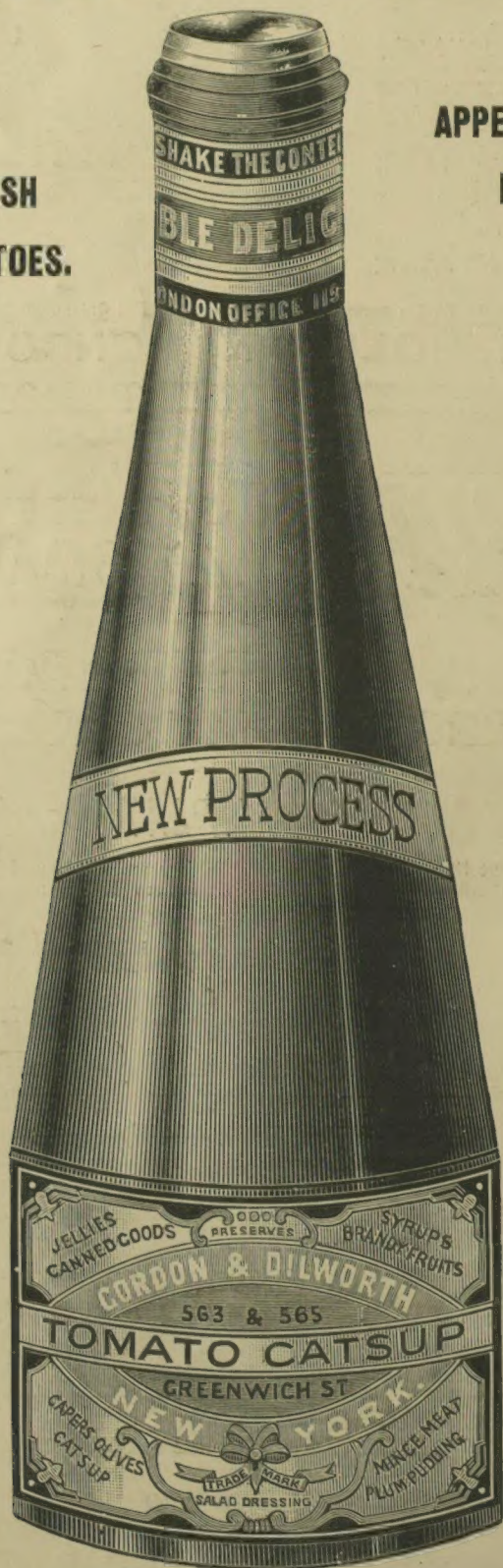
In the evening, under Sir Frederick Bridge, the Royal Choral Society gave their customary performance of "The Messiah," with Miss Palliser, Miss Clara Butt, Mr. Lloyd Chandos, and Mr. Santley as the soloists. Miss Butt was once more at her best, and Mr. Santley was exceedingly vigorous. The chorus sang better than we have heard it sing for a long time, and in all the massive and less delicate work was extremely impressive. The sopranos especially were fresh and energetic. Miss Palliser was a sympathetic soprano soloist, and Sir F. Bridge conducted with intelligence and discrimination.

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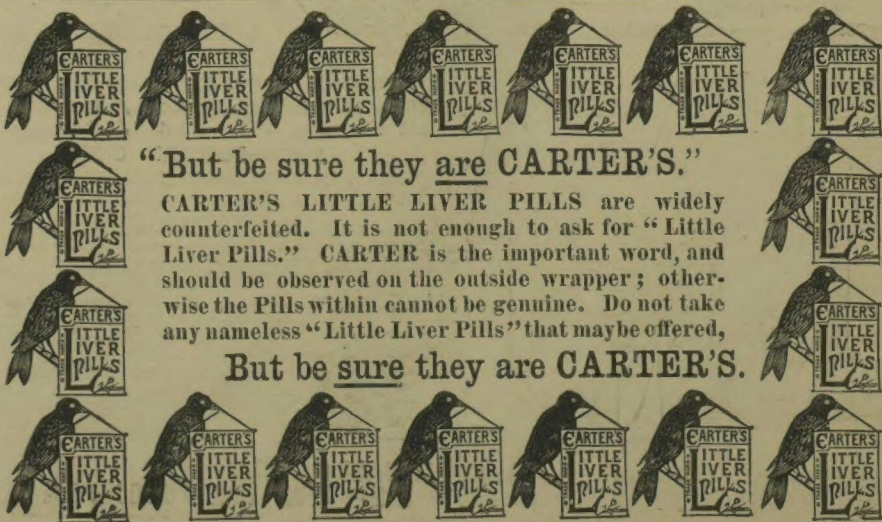
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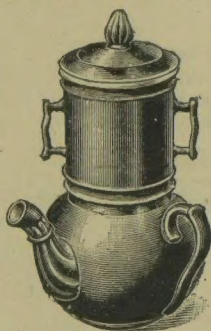
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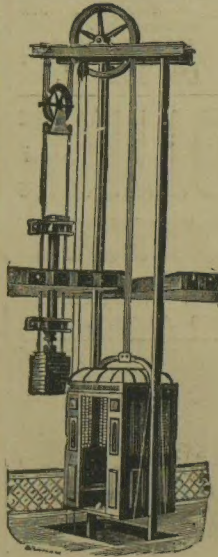
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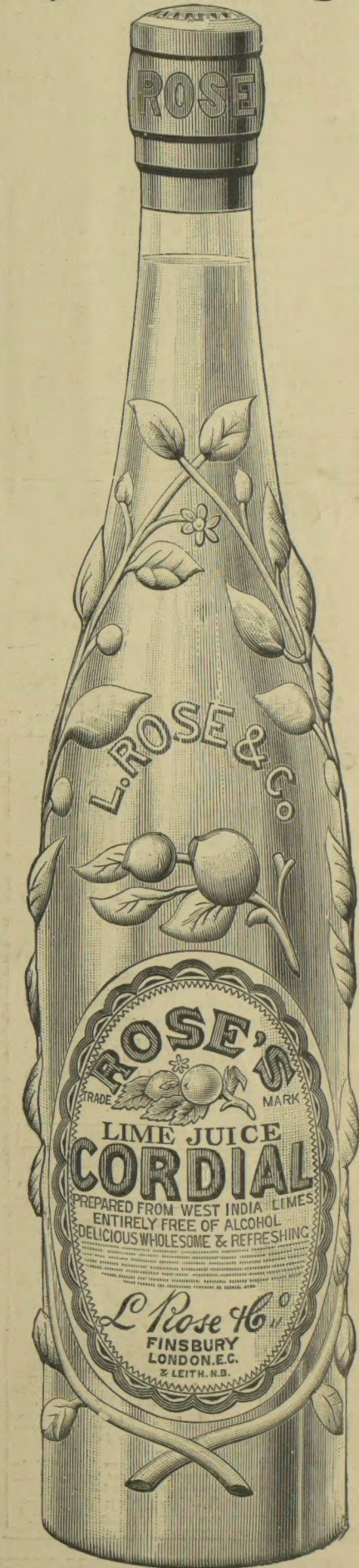
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

St. Saviour's, Poplar, of which Father Dolling is the new Vicar, is one of those huge East-End churches which are more difficult to fill than any places of worship in London. The population of the parish is about ten thousand. The church is spacious and well proportioned, with a clergy-house and schools attached to it. The district is gloomy, very poor, and very much depressed, as it does not touch the cheerful main thoroughfares of the East. Mr. Beardell did excellent work in this parish, and it will be a sphere after Father Dolling's own heart. The income, unfortunately, is only £230, and there is a staff of three curates to provide for.

The Bishop of Winchester will not prolong his visit to the Riviera. He is to come home by way of the Channel Islands, and will spend a fortnight in visiting Jersey and

other chief towns of the group. Another invalided Bishop, Dr. Bardsley, of Carlisle, has arrived at Cairo, and though still confined to his room, hopes soon to be able to go on to Alexandria. Although convalescent, he is still extremely weak.

Mr. G. W. E. Russell was one of the most active of Lenten preachers. In St. John's Church, Woolwich, he gave addresses each evening on the events of the Passion. Over a thousand men assembled at the Woolwich Polytechnic to hear his address on the Seven Words from the Cross. Mr. Russell was recently licensed as a lay reader in the diocese of Rochester.

The Metropolitan Tabernacle was crowded during the whole of Good Friday with the members of the London Christian Endeavour Societies, who were holding their third annual convention. The President for the year is

the Rev. J. Telfree Parr. The best paper of the day was that of the Rev. James Mursell, of Clapton, whose subject was "The Christian Endeavour Movement in Relation to Amusements." He advised young people to avoid the theatre and the ball-room.

In the course of his Easter morning service at the City Temple, Dr. Parker made a reference to the prospect of war between Spain and America which left no doubt on which side his own sympathies would be cast. "Spain," he said, "has attacked the Anglo-Saxon race before, and she has retired discomfited. If she attacks America she will be crushed like a moth in the hand of a giant."

There has been within the last few days a marked improvement in the condition of the Bishop of Bangor. He is now able to take nourishment freely and to leave his bed for a few hours daily.

V.

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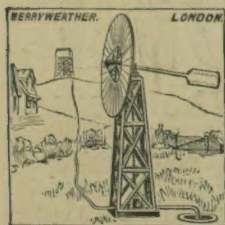
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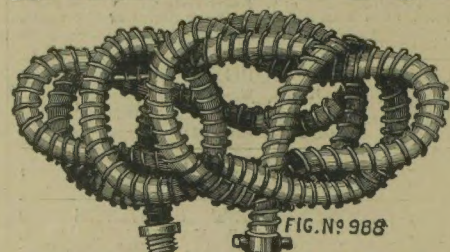
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